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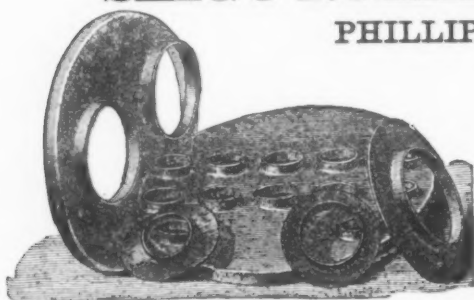
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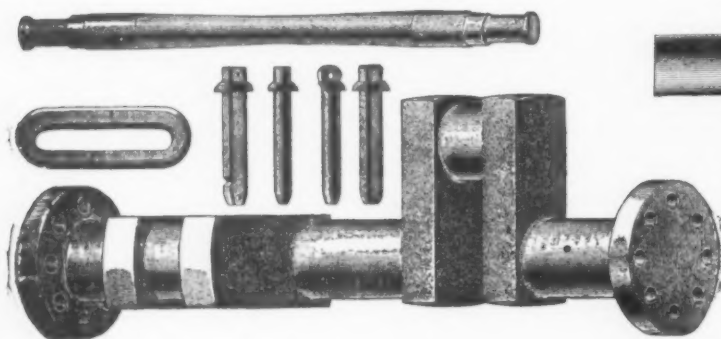


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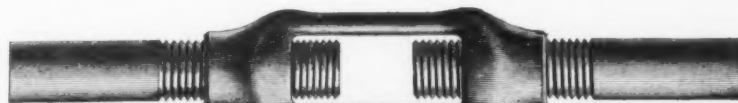
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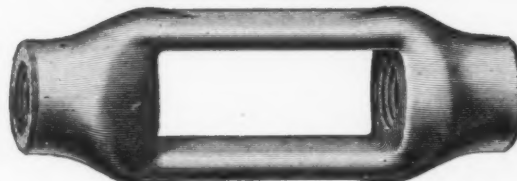
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THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOL. VI.—No. 7.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JULY, 1888.

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CŒUR D'ALENE MISSION.

The vision broke o'er me like a beautiful dream—
The lake and the river of fair Cœur d'Alene;
Thy mountains, thy canyon, the defile and glen,
Are sweet bouquets of beauty in the pathway of men.

The old mission chapel seems lost in decay,
Where the knee of the savage was once bent to pray;
But mission and chapel are shrouded in gloom,
And savage and priest slumber on in the tomb.

There the grand, lofty pines in yon canyon behold,
Stand erect, like giant knight errants of old,
Guarding the treasures of mountain and stream
That glitter and sparkle in the bright sun-rays gleam.

Myrtle, Idaho, May, 1888.

J. TREMAINE KEEGAN.

AN INDIAN CHURCH.

It was my pleasure, a short time ago, to attend an early morning mass in a little country church in the Colville Valley, W. T.

There was a regular service for the white people at eleven o'clock, but the eight o'clock service was for the Indian communicants, who, I understand form the bulk of the church membership.

I saw the Indians gathering at the church shortly after daylight coming on foot, on wiry little "calico" ponies, or, the few who are able—in wagons.

It was a church festival day, but whether that had any effect upon their outward adorning, I could not say! however, their gaudy striped blankets mingled to form a kaleidoscopic splootch of color in the bright sunshine about the church door; but then—no Indian ever loses an opportunity to deck himself in gorgeous colors—be the occasion fast or feast.

I must confess, that, being unfamiliar with the Indian tongue my motives in attending the service savored more of curiosity than of piety, perhaps, but for that may I be forgiven.

The church was comfortably filled, and service was in progress when I entered. With no disrespect to the pious creatures, I could not help perceiving that the odor they exhaled was not that of sanctity, wholly, for the Indians of the Colville Valley—though they have undoubtedly made some advances toward godliness have not yet attained to that grace which is said to be its nearest neighbor.

Some of the younger ones showed the effect of the efforts of the Sisters at the Mission, in various ways. Their hair and clothing evinced some tokens of attention, and they read and sang with some degree of culture.

These formed one end of the scale, which gradually declined through various degrees of dirt, squalor, nakedness and verminosity, to the indescribable decrepitude and wretchedness of the poor and aged ones.

Taken as a whole, it would be hard to find a more abject assembly, yet, I must confess, I never saw a congregation appear more attentive, or participate more humbly and devoutly in their church service.

The Indian character, in general, is not lovely in my eyes, and I cannot say that my limited knowledge of the race has tended to inspire me with confidence, but I have known some of them to achieve lives of morality, out of a very narrow and stunted growth of religious grace; and I could but believe that the wretched, tottering frames which knelt, with every show of pious gratitude, to receive the sacred symbol of the Highest, might contain a glimmer of the immortal something, which "Lighteth every man."

The priest delivered a short sermon, in the Indian language, not standing afar, and addressing his humble audience from an eminence, but coming down among them, and, apparently, from his gestures, enforcing his ideas by personal applications, a group of stolid half-naked papposes toddling about his feet, meanwhile.

One feature of this service was, so far as my observation goes, wholly unique and peculiar; namely: the preponderance of men in the audience, and the fact that they exceed the women in outward devotion, at least, and in scrupulous attention to every detail of the service. One aged communicant—whose sharp features, swelling veins, emaciated neck, and mat of grizzly hair gave him the semblance of a hideous statue in bronze—sat with his dim eyes fixed upon the crucifix, throughout the service, and his lips moving in constant prayer.

At the close of the service, most of the women stalked calmly out, with merely a careless show of taking the holy water, at the door; but every man, young or old, among the communicants, made the sign of the cross, with a reverent genuflection toward the altar, and crossed himself again with the holy water, in the most respectful solemnity.

Outside the church, however, they threw off their solemn demeanor, and, squatting about the green yard, lighted pipes and cigarettes for a social "pow-wow."

As I started toward home along the grassy roadside, I was aware of a crooning voice and soft pattering footsteps which kept close in my rear. Turning, after a moment, I beheld—something—and it occurred to me that Rider Haggard must have had such a vision in order to conceive the horrible effect of the second venture of "She" into the "Rolling pillar of life."

It was that most frightful of human creatures, a very old squaw, dwarfed, and crooked, covered

by a filthy rag of a blanket, and a pair of tattered overalls.

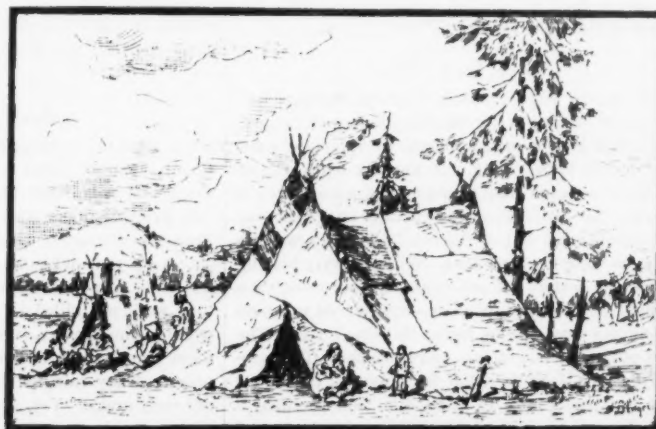
Her face—to paint it as charitably as possible,—had the appearance of having been thoroughly fried, to the almost complete extinction of the eyes, which were little else but hollow sockets. In her fleshless talons she grasped a knotty limb some six feet long, with which she felt her way through the perennial darkness which surrounded her.

I had derived little good, perhaps, from the church service, but to hear this ghastly object singing her feeble hymn, and pouring blessings upon me when I guided her footsteps into the path toward her distant wick-i-up—well! it made me serious and thoughtful upon several things for the space of half an hour.

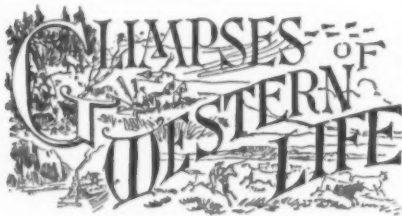
TIMOTHY.

LOST RIVERS OF IDAHO.

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the Territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which large streams and creeks suddenly disappear, and are never more seen. These fissures are old lava channels, produced by the outside of the molten mass cooling and forming a tube, which, on the fiery stream becoming exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place along the banks of the Snake, one of these rivers reappears gushing from a cliff high up in the basaltic walls, where in leaps a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up, is utterly unknown, though it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country. These lost streams and rivers are frequently the source of some mysterious lake in the basin of some mountain.



A CŒUR D'ALENE INDIAN TEPEE.



THE ERRORS OF CIVILIZATION.

The Injuns never teched him,
Nor the b'ars;
An' the rattlers never bit him,
An' the train robbers couldn't git him
On the cars.
'Twas a frigid day and drizzly
When the Rocky Mountain grizzly
Ever crept within a rod of Jim the Scout.
An' the catamount an' bleon
Never teched him more than pizen,
Which they allus much preferred to do without.

But he moved into the city,
Just for fun,
An' he sold his big six-shooter,
An' he thought it would not do ter
Keep his gun.
But a muscular garroter,
Who was not a legal voter,
Robbed him of his watch and wallet like a child,
Then a gaspipe, overloaded,
Bust, an' Jim he got exploded.
An' came down consider'ble permiscuous an' riled.

An' the bunco steerers fleeced him
Left and right;
An' the gamins uster hoot him,
An' a slugger tried to shoot him
'Tother night.
An' a hoodlum tried to skin him,
An' an engine ran agin him,
An' a herdic an' a hose-car an' a dray;
An' agin, a little later,
In a rotten elevator,
He fell down thirteen stories in one day.

An' his home, it caught afire
'Tother night;
An' his gas meter exploded
(Jim didn't know that it was loaded),
Awful sight!
An' his house was widely scattered,
O'er the county it was spattered,
In a shower of chunks and cinders, so they said,
Jim was so completely shivered,
He hain't never been disklivered,
But the coroner concluded he was dead.
—Buffalo Jack in N. Y. Mercury.

A Valuable Assistant.

Charles Raper, an enterprising newspaper circulator and dealer at Big Rapids, is enabled to carry some enormously long routes through the aid of a handsome Newfoundland dog. Charlie covers his route on the dead run, but doesn't stop at a house, his able assistant taking the papers from his hand and leaving them upon the proper doorsteps. It is lively work for the agent, but a good deal livelier for the dog, who often has to jump fences and gates to keep up with the procession, and not infrequently finds it necessary to also lick some other dog or shake a cat in order to cover his ground properly and leave his papers in the right places.

Rather Hard on Lo.

For several days past the Flathead Indians, who have been camped in the western confines of the city, have given Helena men a chance to "blow in" some hard cash in horse racing. If there is one thing an Indian likes better than gambling and horse racing it is to get the better of a white man in either pastime and extract some of his "boodle." This the wily Lo has been enjoying in Helena. With his sorry looking cayuses he beat all the saddle animals our young men brought forward, and for three days cleaned up about \$25 dollars a day for the races. But alas for Lo! The boys put up a game on him and beat him. They procured a race horse from the fair grounds, rubbed his hair the wrong way to make him look "scrubby," placed an old dilapidated saddle on his back and mounted him with a jockey in disguise. The Indians

seemed distrustful of the nag, but finally put their best cayuse against him for a race. The race came off on a road near the fair grounds, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, but, though the Indian got the start, the jockey quickly left him in the rear and came out winner by two lengths. This enabled the boys to play a little even on the sport, but so disgusted the Indians that they folded up their tents and quietly stole away that same night. They evidently think that race horse "big medicine" and will be wary of Helena horses in future.—*Helena Herald.*

A Chinese Wedding Banquet.

The wedding banquet given by Doc Sing at Haight's restaurant was a grand and gorgeous affair. A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the restaurant, and did ample justice to a sumptuous repast. Toasts were read and responded to by gentlemen present. Doc Sing arrayed in a costly suit, with two Chinese friends, sat at the head of the table, and received the honors of the occasion. It was a most agreeable affair, and all pronounce the banquet as one long to be remembered. Doc Sing is our leading Chinese merchant, and in his dealings with our citizens has always proved himself honest and courteous. He has made many friends during his residence in the city, who warmly congratulate him on the occasion of his marriage.—*The Dalles (Oregon) Times-Mountaineer.*

Eighteen Years Over the Century.

There is living six miles northwest of Flandreau County, Dakota, an Indian woman by name Hannah Weston (Cetanwinna). At present she is living with her sixty-five-year-old grandson. She claims to have been about six years old when the Revolutionary war broke out, which would make her about 118 years of age. She tells that her father was a chief, and fought with the English at that time. She wears a silver medal, which is three inches in diameter, and nearly one-fourth of an inch in thickness; on one side of the medal is a portrait of King George III. The medal was presented to her father by the King's agents at that time, and she prizes it very highly; money cannot buy it. She is totally blind, and has been so for a number of years, is considerably emaciated, and the wrinkles upon her face are finger deep. Otherwise she enjoys good health, and is a heavy eater.

Breakfast in the Dining Car.

Seven-forty, and breakfast in the dining car. It is pleasant to nibble fish and drink coffee at the rate of thirty miles an hour, barring the impudence of the d—d mokes who bring in your hash. Now, a word in the ear of "tender-feet;" if you want close attention in the dining car, talk loud, wear a skull cap and kick like an old traveler. The coons will think you are a director or perhaps a spotter, and you'll get the best there is in the market. If they think its your first meal in a dining car, the black scoundrels will climb on top of your collar and look at you like a meat-axe if you happen to want something to eat. I know they don't own the road yet, but are liable to. Two things they never forget—that is to remind you of your insignificance and to leave a seventy-five cent check alongside your plate.—*Frank McGray in Davenport (W. T.) Gazette.*

Rabbit Drives.

"At what is known as Wildflower Colony, in Fresno County, twenty miles southwest from the city of Fresno, is where the 10,000 rabbit drive took place last Friday," remarked Thomas Hopper to a San Francisco Chronicle reporter one evening. "Why, sir, don't you understand what damage these pests are to the farmers in Kern and Fresno counties? If they were not killed off in this manner every little while by the farmers, it would require more to feed them than it does to keep the farmers' stock in provision. They ruin the fields of alfalfa and nip off our early grain. Yes, I've heard something of Chicago canneries wanting rabbit meat to put up, but their prices, as I understand them, wouldn't pay

California freight rates. How is this rabbit-drive business done? Well, hundreds of our people assemble, according to agreement, with bundles of fine wire fencing, the meshes being about as large as a hen's egg. This fencing is about four feet high. The bundles are spliced, making two pieces about half a mile long each. Then a circle about forty yards in diameter is constructed with a double width of the wire fence. From an opening in this circle these two half-mile stretches of wire fence diverge at an angle of forty-five degrees, more or less, and outside of this opening, several miles away, a circular line of people is formed, with a few skirmishers about a quarter of a mile in front. Then all start on the drive toward the circular pen, which always becomes well filled with cottontails. These are mercilessly slaughtered and buried, although some of the farmers take home wagon loads to feed to their hogs.

A New Western Trick.

A man walked into an uptown saloon the other day and called for a glass of beer. He fished a new silver dollar out of his pocket, spun it on the counter, and offered to bet the bartender the beer that it would turn up heads. The bartender took the bet and won it, for tails were up when the coin settled. A well dressed countryman by the bar looked interested, and the man exclaimed pettishly that he would call the next spin for a dollar.

"Done," said the countryman. The man spun the dollar, called tails, and won.

"Mere luck," said the countryman, disgustedly "or else a trick. I'll go you another dollar on it if you let me spin it."

The man assented, and the countryman spun the dollar. The man called tails, and tails appeared. As the countryman with an exclamation, turned to go, the man said, in a patronizing tone:

"I can call it four times out of five."

"Five dollars on it," said the countryman, hotly.

The man put up the money with the bartender, and, as the countryman spun the dollar called tails five successive times. The dollar settled four times and the man pocketed the bet. Then he said:

"Look here, greeny, since I've won seven of your dollars, and don't expect to work the city again very soon, I'll tell you something you didn't know. When you spin a coin the side that has the heaviest markings will settle at the bottom nine times out of ten, provided the surface you spin on is perfectly level. With a new silver dollar you'll win on calling tails just nine times in ten on the long run. Other coins don't have such a difference in weight between the moulding on the two sides, and ain't so certain, and in old silver dollars the difference is lessened by the wearing off of the inscriptions. You stick to new silver dollars, work it gently, and you'll have your seven dollars back again before night. Good day."

A New Indian Religion.

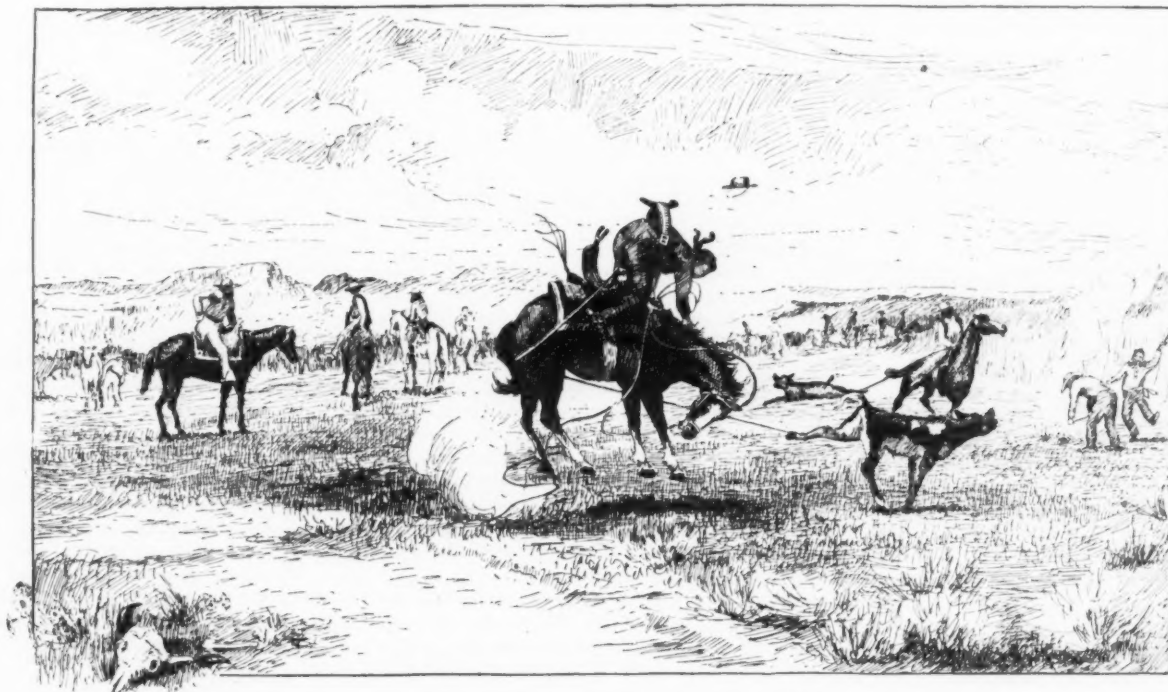
The Indians of the Squakson, Nisqually, Chehalis and Skokomish tribes are at present extremely indignant at Agent Ells for refusing to allow them to worship their "Sehale Tyee" (God) according to a plan which has recently come into vogue among them. They have, as usual, made known their big grievance to their "big father," General Milroy, the ex-Indian agent for the district, whom they deem as their great protector and friend, and have requested him to secure them the privilege of worshipping as they see fit. Their religion is of a recent origin and it is said by those who are acquainted with the tribe adopting it, that superstitious and ridiculous as the belief is, not unlike that of many civilized nations, it has seemed to be prolific of much good among them, probably owing to the fright with which it inspires them and not from any sense of right or a desire to please their "Sahale Tyee." They style their new belief the "Slocum Tumtum," it having originated with one of the Squakson tribe named John Slocum. Sometime ago John claimed to have had a revelation from the "happy hunting ground" in which it was revealed of him that any Indian desiring to participate

in the festivities of the "sahale illahe" must lead a purely upright life, it being necessary for such Indian to abstain from all gambling, drinking, swearing, etc. The announcement of this alleged revelation by Slocum has made him so prominent a personage among the dusky believers that he is now regarded with much more reverence than the "Hyas Tyee" of whom he claims to be an apostle. Their mode of worship is in some respects similar to that practiced by the Quakers, years ago, each one speaking or acting as the spirit moves him. The result is frequently very ludicrous to an unbelieving spectator. Before beginning a meeting they always select a leader whose duty it is to go into a trance, when in this state the leader's influence over his believing auditors seems to be without limit. The meetings usually last several hours, being terminated when the leader's trance is at an end. This wild belief and practice has occupied the attention of Agent Ellis for some time, who has at last interfered and announced that the new religion must be abolished, as he has desires to christianize them. This has led to a general remonstrance from the disciples of the "Slocum Tumtum" who desire to continue their mode of worship. General Milroy re-

ing in still despair with paunches contracted to their spinal columns. The sheep are strung along the creek's fringing brushwood, or bunched about the feed-yard at the home-ranch, the lambs and weak sheep having free access to the stack as long as the hay lasts.

The sky darkens, and the wind, facing right-about, blows gently from the South. It has done this many times during the long storm, only to bring fresh snow, or veering toward the North, freezes a crust on that already fallen. This time the south wind, from a gentle, puffing breeze, increases to a steady gale, and before night the sagebrush lifts higher from the white field, and rocky points are bare. It is the real chinook. The warm wind has thawed to life the suffering stock, who commence nibbling the uncovered sagebrush. All night the wind blows a stiff gale, and in the morning the south hillsides are bare of snow. Horses and cattle are filling up on the bare grass, and the sheep are driven off to the camp. Every gully and ravine is a running stream, and in all the steep gulches is a dashing torrent. The creeks, swelling big, carry from the mountain's edge trunks of trees, and in places wash away valuable creek bottoms. Next day only

waters, tearing over the rock-ribbed channel. Six loud sharp whistles were given from the locomotive as a signal to the Hassalo that all was ready. These vigorous, shrill toots were heard above the thunder of the crashing waters. Capt. James W. Troup was not slow in responding to the signal. He gave six whistles and tapped the engineer's gong. A moment later the Hassalo's wheel was seen beating the water into foam. She moved gracefully from the wharf, swung round deliberately, just as if she was going to make a smooth, quiet, little trip. Interest now became intense, and thousands of eyes were bent with a strained tension on the steamer. Now she backed behind the little island, midway of the channel, swung clear, and steadied herself for the fearful plunge! For a moment the boat seemed to halt, like an eagle poised for a long and lofty flight, then, with her sharp prow aimed at the great roaring breach, she shot toward the green, rolling masses. From shore to shore the first line of the rapids stretched like a cordon of breakers, and thundering like the tumultuous surf. With a full head of steam, the Hassalo entered the upper break in the waters, and here receiving the first impulse of the mighty current, made a plunge that



FIRST ATTEMPT AT ROPEING.—[Pen etching by Will S. Horton, after a painting by C. M. Russell, "the Cowboy Artist."]

fers to the first amendment of the constitution of the United States and assures them that they will be protected and allowed to worship according to the dictates of their conscience.

Storm Scenes in Eastern Oregon.

In other climes the rays of the shining sun may do to melt the settled snow, but in the live and progressive north Pacific country the sun is nowhere compared with the wind. For instance, 'tis midwinter in Eastern Oregon. A white mantle covers the rolling ocean of bunchgrass land. Nothing breaks its even purity but the occasional sagebrush tops that peep above it, or a piece of black overhanging rimrock jutting from the canyon side. The air is rather cold, and the aspect on earth is bluer than the cold sky above—bluer to the suffering stock and their restless owners. Snow, snow, a sea of snow. Nothing but snow.

Horses are pawing for grass high up on the hillsides, or standing about a frozen watering place with gaunt bodies and a feverish lustre in their longing eyes. The cattle are humped up and motionless in the brushwood at the bottom of deep canyons—stand-

small snow patches mark the diminishing drifts, the sun comes out, and in four days from the breaking of the snowy spell the ground is all bare, the mud dried and the grass green; stock is regaining its chilled vitality, and new life enters the land.

There may be several bad storms in a single winter, but the inevitable chinook, or Japan current, speeding from the tropical Pacific climes, brings with it salvation to the snow-bound bunchgrass country, and the snow rapidly disappears with not a ray of sunshine in sight.—*Hepner Gazette.*

Shooting the Cascades of the Columbia.

The Steamer Hassalo was taken safely over the great rapids of the Cascades last month. So intense was the curiosity that immense excursions by steamer and rail left Portland and other points to witness a sight of a life time. A correspondent thus graphically describes the scene: All was now in readiness, and a flush of breathless expectancy hung over the great crowds that lined both sides of the river, and blackened every available point of lookout. Not a word was spoken, and nothing was heard but the loud roaring of the angry, seething, tumbling mass of

thrilled the crowd as if touched by an electric shock.

"There she goes," exclaimed a thousand voices, in low, subdued tones. Crossing the break the steamer rose pointing her bow upward at a sharp angle, and then blindly plunged downward as if going to the bottom; but she came up with the buoyancy of a cork, and now having committed herself to the mercy of the rapids, flew with the speed of an arrow through and over the surging, boiling waters.

Less than thirty seconds elapsed from the time the Hassalo entered the crest of the rapids until she had passed from view around the abrupt bend in the river, going with a tremendous rate of speed. So quick were the rapids shot that the feat was accomplished almost before the crowds could realize it. After passing from view the steamer flew down the shining course at locomotive speed, and never paused in her wild career until the Lower Cascades was reached. This distance was made in less than seven minutes. Capt. Troup deserves great credit for the cool, steady and courageous manner in which he made the perilous run. We say perilous, for the passage was made at the lowest stage ever made by any other boat, except the Okanogan, many years ago.

TAKE A LESSON FROM THE FARMER.

There's a lesson in the saying of a farmer in the West
That of other things in life, as well, might answer for a
test.
Shall I give the lesson to you? Will you heed its teachings
well?
Listen to me but a moment and the story I will tell.

We were out among the milch cows, speaking of the best
ones there,
When the farmer of my first choice said, with patronizing
air:
"She's as plump as any pigeon, and her coat's as soft as
silk,
But the slickest looking heifer ain't the one that gives
the milk."

Oft'neath clumsy, outward bearing beats a heart both
true and brave,
And the smooth and winning manners may conceal the
vildest knave;
So the lean horse does the pulling and is not afraid of
work,
While the fat and lazy pony is contriving how to shirk.

Would you back a city dandy to engage in any strife,
Or the one whose hands are smoothest for the heavy
work of life?
Choose the homely for your milch cow and we'll then, sir,
by your lief,
Send the short-horn to the butcher, she will make him
splendid beef.

Take a lesson from the farmer with his sturdy common
sense,
Who, unlike the politician, never sits astride the fence;
Watch the smoothest talking fellow, he may prove the
biggest bilk;
Know "the slickest looking heifer ain't the one that gives
the milk."

MATT W. ALDERSON.

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these beset the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at least, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings,
Must needs read clearer, sure than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see,
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combats with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

MATHEW ARNOLD.

WESTERN HUMOR.

SCATTERING SEEDS.

Some of Which Fail to Flourish.

INK-SHOP OF WALLA WAH-WAH,
(No Stairs to Climb), '88 {

To the Hon. Normanpercheron Coleman, Commis-
sioner of the Government Seed Factory at Wash-
ington:

Dear Sir: In reply to your numerous nice pink
cards asking me to report results on the several cords
of Government seeds you mailed me, I hereby
report.

I have been slow about making this report for the
reason that an amateur farmer needs a winter or two
to cool his indignation for the digging he has done
where seeds never grew. Thus has truck-time and
harvest rolled away and then rolled back again,
gathering moss by the wayside, wherever it camped
over night to rest its saddle. A good cayuse does not
gather as much moss as a regular horse.

Right here in the rich Walla Valley no doubt your
Government seeds will grow, as almost anything
will. But my farming was done in the eternal
hills 100 miles to the southwest, where the cow-bells
tinkle at sun-up and the bell-wether lies down with
its lamb.

I have heard some sarcastic seed-sowers say that
they could get more results out of one quart of the
Starrett Walla seeds than they could out of two fork-
fuls of your article, and results are what they want
to raise, now that the O. R. & N. Co. threaten to
develop that country with a railroad. Transportation
facilities will raise the price of results at least four
cents a bushel delivered on the tree.

The sax you send out corn, peas and beans in are
unworthy of a grateful government; where would
your country be to-day were it not for the bean? And
how it must grieve Oliver Whortleberry Holmes, who
first discovered baked beans growing in the granite
border of the frog-pond on Boston common, to see the
bean sent out in such sax of common cotton. I say
without stuttering for the consequences, that you
ought to act well your part in reducing the surplus by
sacking seeds in moleskin and sealskin purses. If
you expect your seeds to hold their own with others
that are sold at five cents a pkg, you must make your
lady clerks put them up in more attractive shape and
advertise them much morely.

Your corn and beans are to be commended for
dead-weight purposes. I had some of John Garrison's
fine-haired Polkadotte chickens, and as they got their
start in Yambill, of course they flew high and lit in
the neighbor's thistle-orchard. Since I fed them your
corn and bean-seed they will not jump the lowest
hurdle, only scratch out three trees a day, and have
to be hoisted onto their roosts with a derrick.

One of your watermelon trees grew large and
xtended away out over the road. It raked enough
hay off every passing load to feed the family goat.
But when it crossed the krick-bottom and inserted it-
self into the vaults of the county court-house, the
commissioners ordered it chopped down, and its limbs
alone carried the cookstove through the next hard
winter.

I think some of your seeds have triekena, or pork
fever. I sent some of the suspected seeds to the Lick
spy-glass at Wallulla, and when they had the hose ad-
justed and the focus played on them it was found
that the germs of the disease had already entered the
inner tubercle of the diaphragic thorax, causing mem-
branous hemorrhage of the gastric glands, thereby
laying the future fruit liable to the disease called lack
of plumpness.

In regard to the saleratus seed you sent me, I
would say, as Capt. Johnson used to say in his thrill-
ing tales concerning the Washington Territory legis-
lature, It is my judgment that said seed had the scab
—which is a second cousin to the septennis soriasis.
I dipped them same as the Henry Heppner Hills
sheepman dips his bands—in the following formula:

scalding heat, ninety parts; sulphur and brimstone
ten parts. I let them lie in the ground all winter,
but still they did not arise in the spring, when all
other setting hens were coming off the nest. A post-
mortem xamination showed that they were composed
of the following ingredients: stagnation, eighty parts;
dormniation two; government red tape eight; paraly-
sis five; lack of circulation five; animation very slight
traces.

Your white bilgewater grape seed seemed to be
rusted. I sandpapered the rust off as well as I could
with a nice cork and some broken brick dust, and then
gave them a good coat of white lead slightly thinned
with whitewash. And while some of them had
never yet produced a grape, some of the grapes
have on their hides a coat of lime which burns the
mouth. Seems as though our great government
ought to be able to send out a grape strong enough
to throw off a little coat of whitewash. Some of your
vines also show very antagonistic dispositions, and
crowd squashes to the wall, contrary to the Monroe
doctrine.

I would fail in my duty as a paper-collar farmer,
Mr. Commissioner, if I didn't tell you that those Hol-
stein peas you sent were fine. Instead of defiling
them by burying in the dirty ground, I had them
cooked, and can truly say that they were excellent
eating—more sugary than some sugar you buy in the
markets of the world. Those pea-sax make nice
shot-sax, but you ought to have a running-string
at one end, for in reloading shells the shot feed out
too fast.

Your early mammoth April seed-bees are all rite.
They have nested in the bark of the fence-posts, and
now make it hot for town cows who try to open the
gate. In the absence of flowers they thrived on the
stumps of last year's cabbage trees. The envelopes
containing the queen-bee seed got mixed with the
king-bee seed, so both were sown in the same ground,
and now you can't tell which is the other. You
should send out wire trellis for bees to shin up on,
for when they are planted shallow they soon escape.
They stung to death a neighbor's dog, and I have
given him an order on you for seed to raise another
protector.

There are two main things that this country needs,
and which your department ought to furnish: one is
a handy tub to soak seeds,—something different from
those used in pawn-shops. Another is, a brand of
seed that will raise agricultural machinery that
doesn't have to be put under a mansard roof seven
months of the year while resting its fly-wheels. The
country demands something that will stand storms,
and a paternal government should send out seed from
which to raise the castings.

Your xtra early flat dutch duck seed looked like
likely stock after coming up, and showed no symp-
tom of baldness up to three months of age. But the
June rise in the Columbia caused two xtra quarts of
bachwater to come up the gulch, and in this the duck
drowned. The crying necessity of the age is for a
duck that will not go near the water, or if it does,
will not drown.

The setter dog sprouts you sent were set deep but
never sprouted, although artificial rain was freely
poured on. And after all is said and done, and with
all dew respect to your well-known and generally-rec-
ognized opinion on the subject, as set forth in your
widely-circulated and rarely-read reports, I now wish
to spread myself upon the minutes of your day-book
as one who does not believe that the setter dog plant
can be raised in the United States by grafting such
seedlings onto the ordinary Scotch collie of the Snake
River highlands. It might be different by budding
onto the the prairie dog of the plains.

When that great practical farmer, Uncle Greely,
wrote his famous commemoration ode beginning with
the well-known lines "Ill smells the xperimental gar-
den to hastening rot a prey,—where old weeds accu-
mulate and government seeds decay"—when James
Rustle Greely wrote those inspiring verses, perhaps
he had one of your xperimental gardens in his agri-
cultural eye. If not, he was thinking of some con-

servatory where taters are raised for perfume, and callas nursed by hand. Raising them on the bottle is bad. V. R., etc.,

J. WATERMELON REDINGTON.

A Montana Reminiscence.

Bill Skaggs is in town. Everybody knows Bill. He was the first man that ever came over the trail, and he has been ahead of civilization ever since. Bill is getting old and is quite gray, but he is still the same wiry, active Bill of a quarter of a century ago. Bill has had his ups and downs in life, but while he walks down the shady slope of life he can rest where and as long as he pleases, knowing he has enough to pay his reckonings at the inns. Bill used to like to hear yarns spun; now he likes to spin them himself. As he is a good story-teller he never lacks for listeners. It is true that Bill may exaggerate at times, but there are very few of his stories that can not be authenticated by his cronies, some of whom "have known him man and boy 'nigh 'onto fifty years."

Bill and Tom Rowe, "one-eyed Tom," as he is called, used to be great friends, but they never speak as they pass by. They had a little misunderstanding several years ago, and although Bill has been trying to have the difficulty amicably settled, Tom won't listen to any overtures.

Bill was loquacious last night, his tongue having been loosened by an application of fusil oil, and it didn't require much inducement to get him to tell the story of his trouble with Tom.

"You see," he said, "it was about '68 when Tom struck here. I was an old timer then and that kinder riled Tom, as he always wanted to be considered the oldest man in any camp. But we didn't have any words about that. You see Tom knowed what kind I am when I get riled and didn't want no truck with me. We useter set inter a game of poker together, and I invariably downed Tom. He'd get madder'n a wet hen, but it done him no good and me no harm. He didn't go too far, though, for you see he knowed what I was and didn't keer about wakin' the slumberin' lion in my breast."

Here Mr. Skaggs smote his chest softly with his left hand and looked at the boys beseechingly, but no attention was paid to his two for a quarter look.

Continuing Mr. Skaggs said: "It comed about in this way: Tom had a fellow working for him, the derndest man I ever seed. He was struck on raw liver and wouldn't eat anything but that when he could get it. Tom was proud of that cannerbul and was always bragging him up. At last I ups and tells him 'twarn't no 'complishment for a man to feel proud of eatin' his feller critters' blood raw. 'Twarn't nothin' more than human that liver should be done on one side anyhow. Tom took some 'ceptions to my remarks and goes up town and buys the biggest beef liver he could find and comes back to the camp and walkin' up to me he says:

"Darn your ornery skin, you've got to eat every bit of this liver blood raw."

"Gentlemen, I didn't want to eat that liver—but Tom cuts off a good sized hunk, and as I didn't want to have any difficulty with Tom, as he knowed my mean temper—and I eats it. It wan't zactly to my taste but I thought I'd be accommerdating for once. Tom cuts off another hunk, and I eats that. He cuts off another hunk, but that was too much. Gentlemen I wouldn't have the awful thoughts come over me now that came over me at that moment, I actually had murder in my heart, for I see Tom was determined I should finish the stuff and I was determined I shouldn't. We stood glarin' at each other, but I could outglare Tom as I had two eyes and him only one. I saw Tom was weakenin' and not willin' to hurt his feelings I run. Tom runned after me. It was as pretty a race as you ever seed. I hit the ground at a respectable distance in front, and some of my half hammer leaps must have measured forty feet from toe to heel. I flew."

"Why didn't he shoot?" was asked.

"Gentlemen, it wouldn't have been of any use. You know if a train is goin' a mile a minute and a cannon

is fired, and the cannon ball starts just after the train, the cannon ball will never catch up with the train unless the train stops. I was just that way. I'd kept ahead of any bullet and Tom knowed it. Well, I outrun Tom, that's the long and short of it, and we wan't very friendly after that."

"Didn't you never meet again?"

"No; he kinder avoided me. When I'd see him comin' I'd go the other way. I guess he got afraid and left the country. I hear he's in Colorado. But, gentlemen, no man can grossly insult me and make me eat raw liver when I don't care about eating it. No man—"

Just then somebody said something, and Mr. Skaggs stopped his narrative to engage in something more interesting to him than the sound of his own voice.—*Helena Independent.*

The Bucking Cayuse.

L. A. Doherty, of the firm of Williams & Doherty, and Geo. E. Thompson, the dentist, are fresh from a thrilling experience with the bucking cayuse, says the *Spokane Falls Review*: About seven o'clock last evening they started up Riverside Avenue to give the fair equestrians, residing on that thoroughfare, an exhibition of skilled horsemanship. Everything went along smoothly and the gallant Knights of the Saddle felt as proud as Napoleon crossing the Alps as they jolted in their saddles, with a military caper. The excitement along Riverside bordered on a sensation. Such graceful riders had not appeared upon the streets of Spokane since Wild Bill and a Howard Street real estate man rushed along on blooded steeds to Hangman Creek to mingle their gore for the privilege of basking in the smiles of a faded San Francisco actress. Merchants dropped their customers and rushed to the doors to catch a glimpse of them. Asthmatic Steinway pianos which for months had never ceased their dreadful clamor, were deserted for a brief moment; dusky Indians fell from their ponies in blank amazement; policemen refused to take a drink; the greatness of Spokane for a time was forgotten and there was such an explosion of human electricity that every telephone in the city rung the alarm and all communication was cut off from Wardner and Wallulla. This dream of mad conceit was rudely broken and the wild excitement of the populace died away in the damp air when these dashing horsemen reached the new postoffice and were unceremoniously dumped in a lake of cool refreshing mud. Colonel Doherty, who has oftentimes before wrestled with the accommodating cayuse, quickly regained his composure and hurried to the rescue of his friend, Dr. Gardner, and in a little while both hurried away to some cave of gloom to weep in silence over their exciting adventure.

A Mean Thief.

Ordinarily Judge Lawrence is a very quiet man and well versed in the mysteries and intricacies of the law. It is a cold day when he can't issue a warrant even if on probable cause, and bring a rascal to his bar for his misdeeds. But to-day was a very cold day for the judge. He was completely knocked out.

This morning an aged subject of the deceased kaiser rushed in breathless haste into the judge's office and thus explained himself:

"Shudge, I vant a warrant."

"What for?" answered the expounder of Blackstone.

"For a fellow vat steel my kreeme."

"How did he steal it?" asked the judge.

"How I know dot?" answered the simple Teuton; "it was for dot I vant de warrant; he find him out, you bet."

"Now tell me all about it," said the judge, assuming his most tranquil attitude, "and I will try and tell you how to proceed."

"Vell, shudge, it vas dis vay," and the now thoroughly excited Deutcher began to gesticulate wildly, "I lif by my family in Twenty-fourth and Pacific Avenue streets in dis city, und de milkman he coom every morning mit de milk. Katrina, menie

tochter, she butts out a kittle every night for de milk in the morning. Menie nachbar, dey vas Irish, und dey don't was put out a kittle for milk aber they got some milk everyday von vo Ich can nicht sprechen. Dis morning ven I got oop I go of the door und vot you tink, by Got in Himmel, shudge, my milk vas skimmed, und for dot fellow vat skimmed my milk I vant a varrant. I dink it vas dot Irisher vot do dis, vot you tink, shudge?"

This knocked the judge, and in his most affable manner he referred the second edition of Bismarck in all his war paint to District Attorney Coiner for advice.—*Tacoma News.*

A Lightning Plug.

Down on the docks the other day they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning on Lake Superior, when the reporter singled out an old bald-head and said:

"Capt. H—, it seems to me I've read or heard of your brig being struck."

"Yes, she was," answered the old fabricator, after taking time to outline the lie he was to tell.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point Aux Barques about fifteen years ago. Very strange case that. Probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunder storm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have foundered but there came a second flash and a bolt struck my fore-to-gallant mast. It was cut off near the cap, turned bottom end up, and as it came down entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."

"Did you ever swear to that, Captain?"

"I did, but it was before a notary who afterwards went crazy, and I have never been quite satisfied. Is there a notary here among us?"

There was none, and while the reporter was out looking for an official of that sort the old liars took a drink and scattered for the day.

Sixty Miles to Mt. Tacoma.

A good story is told on a Tacoma hotel proprietor. A stranger who had boarded with him a week or so, asked the proprietor how far it was to Mount Tacoma which appeared to be scarcely a couple of miles distant, although nearer a hundred. The proprietor winked at the guests and said that perhaps it was a mile away. The boarder said he believed he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the tenderfoot, who, after borrowing the proprietor's fine spyglass immediately departed. The joke was too rich for the landlord to keep, and he treated all hands at the bar and chuckled to think that he had played it so fine on the tenderfoot. The boarder, however, was no spring chicken, and in the course of time was drinking beer with a couple of chums at Puyallup and telling them how he had played the Tacomaite for two weeks' board. The proprietor at last tumbled to the racket and found the valise left filled with brick bats, and that the tramp had carried off seventeen clean towels and everything else he could get in his pockets. The proprietor now has printed on a card, "Sixty miles to Mount Tacoma."

The Trials of Married Life.

A certain married lady in our town sat up until twelve o'clock one night last week waiting for her husband to come from the lodge. At last, weary and worn out with her long waiting, she went to her sleeping room to retire, and there found the missing husband, sound asleep. Instead of going to the lodge, he had gone to his room and had never left the house. Such are the troubles some poor married women have to contend with in this life.—*Walla Walla Statesman.*



OUR NORTHWEST party left St. Paul on the last day of May for a month's tour in the farming and mining regions of Eastern Washington Territory. A short halt was made in Brainerd, Minn., for the purpose of preparing the article on that city which appears in this number of the magazine. The results of the Washington trip will be published, in the form of a series of illustrated articles, in the August number. A special motive in these articles will be to give people in the East who think of emigrating to Washington a correct view of the farming resources of the country, and of the present state of development of the most attractive farming regions. It is also the intention of the editor to visit the new Okanagon mining region, where rich mines of silver were discovered last year and to report on the prospects of that district. For this purpose a long journey in a wagon with camp equipage, across a wild and picturesque country, will be necessary. The artist of our field work for the present season is Ernst L. Krause, of Chicago. The editor's family accompany the party and all are comfortably quartered, while running on the railroad or stopping in railroad towns, in the handsome new business car of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, for the furnishing and use of which we are indebted to the kindness of General Manager Oakes, of the Northern Pacific road. Our artist promises to give our readers a glimpse of this car, inside and out, in the next number. It is an admirable little home, an office and studio on wheels.

ON the outward trip our car was sidetracked for a day in Livingston, Montana. This mountain town shows signs of steady growth. From a mere collection of rude huts it has developed, in less than five years, into a county seat, with many well-built business blocks, a big brick school-house, a large hotel and many pleasant homes. Its situation, for scenic attraction, is superb. Robert Law, the N. P. division superintendent, who knows the whole Rocky Mountain region thoroughly, says there is no place in the entire West that can be compared with it for combined beauty of mountain and valley scenery. The snow-crowned peaks of Emigrant and Old Baldy, south of the town, have a height of 10,000 feet. The Crazy Mountains, on the east, thrust their sharp summits through the clouds to an elevation of 9,000 feet. The forest covered Belt Range form a wall of many shades of green on the west. The Yellowstone, coming out of the Lower Canyon, forms a smiling and verdant valley and is fringed with cottonwood groves as far eastward as the eye can follow its winding course. Some time in the future, when population is denser and wealth has increased in the West, Livingston will be a famous mountain resort, like Interlaken and Grindelwald, in Switzerland.

NORTH of Snake River, in Washington and not far from the towns of Colfax and Garfield, is a lofty round-topped hill called Steptoe Butte, in honor of the unfortunate Col. Steptoe, whose little command was surrounded and beaten by the Indians near by in 1854. The summit of this butte commands a view over more square miles of fertile country than can be seen from any other elevation in the world with which I am acquainted. An old settler in the vicinity is erecting a hotel on the top of the Butte and has made a good road up to it. Mr. David, who was engaged in this enterprise, is universally known in the region as Cashup Davis. He opened one of the first farms in the Palouse Country and one of the first merchandise

stores, and got his cognomen from his rule of selling his goods and produce for cash only. Steptoe Butte will become a popular resort, with a hotel from whose piazzas the view extends a hundred miles south to far beyond Walla Walla, a hundred miles or more north into the Big Bend Country, fifty miles east to the slopes of the Bitter Root Mountains and west to the uttermost limit of possible vision.

AT Medical Lake I was told that the last snow last winter in Eastern Washington went off the ground on the first of February, and that before the first of March the flowers were in bloom and the spring plowing and seeding well under way. No wonder immigration is pouring into Washington with such a volume and steadiness. A country where farmers can work out-of-doors ten months of the year is bound to become rich and populous. The Washington winter is not a sloppy, disagreeable Southern winter. Last January the mercury touched thirty below zero for a single day. This was exceptionally cold, but there is always enough cold weather to give tone to the system and to make the early spring delightful by contrast. Some years there are two or three weeks of good sleighing, but the growing season always begins in February and there are no relapses into winter after the spring once arrives. I believe the climate of Eastern Washington to be as nearly perfect for health and comfort as can be found anywhere in the world.

So far as food is concerned living is cheap in Washington. In Cheney a butcher announces by handbill that he sells prime rib roast at eight cents, loin steak at ten cents, beef by the quarter at six to seven cents and pork at eight cents. In the same town a woman who sells milk was puzzled to know how to take her pay for three pints. She said the price was five cents a quart and she could not make change for a dime. Marion D. Egbert, who joined our party in Cheney brought from Walla Walla a big basket of the largest and finest strawberries I ever saw. They were thoroughly ripe and sweet through and through, yet they were almost as hard and firm as an apple. He said they cost him only six cents a box. The last I bought in St. Paul, before leaving, on May 31st, cost twenty-two cents. I noticed, however, that the transportation of fruit two-hundred miles causes it to treble in price. Walla Walla berries sold in Spokane Falls at twenty-five cents per box.

J. W. REDINGTON, the Oregon humorist, with whose droll writings our readers are familiar, was not able to keep out of journalism long. A few months ago he sold his paper, the *Heppner Gazette*, with the intention of turning ranchman, but he is already among the types again, having started a unique monthly at Walla Walla, that defies description or classification. His letterheads read as follows: "Home ranch of the only Walla Walla Wah-Wah, J. W. Redington, Chief Inkstigator. Devoted to the Dissemination of Diversified Darnation. No stairs to climb. Everything turned out of its yarn-factory is warranted two yards wide and all cotton. It is fully convinced that Walla Walla is the hub-bub of its own universe, and it is the only paper west of the Rocky Mountains that uses dog-fish oil on its sweat power press, has a tin kusspidore in its printshop, and three 1880 directories in its elegant library."

WAKING one morning in Spokane Falls, where our car had been sidetracked in the night, I saw from the window a dummy engine with "S. & M. Motor R. R." on the panel and a gaily painted car with the following inscription: "City Front, Grand Avenue and Thirty-third Street, Montrose Park." This was a part of the equipment of a motor road now building from the center of the new city to a suburb on the southern hills. What could more strikingly exemplify Northwestern progress than a motor road running to a Thirty-third Street in a place where less than ten years ago the handful of inhabitants gathered in the one frontier store and discussed the probability of

the Indians attacking them. So rapidly do things move in this marvellous town that the first street railroad is hardly in operation before a steam motor line is begun and a cable road is subsidized with liberal gifts of real estate.

AT New Salem, in West Dakota, I was told by Mr. Luck, the founder of that flourishing settlement, that the present season's immigration has been largely of German-speaking Russians, who have established themselves in the Knife River Valley. These people being Germans by race and language did not find themselves comfortable under the despotic government of Russia and have wisely transferred themselves to a free country. They came from the vicinity of the Baltic Sea, just east of the frontiers of Prussia. They brought sufficient money to make a good start with in their new homes and are a sturdy, industrious class of people. They say that they could induce hundreds of their old neighbors to follow them if they only had something in the way of a pamphlet in the German language to send them telling of the advantages of Dakota.

ST. PAUL CAPITALISTS IN TACOMA.

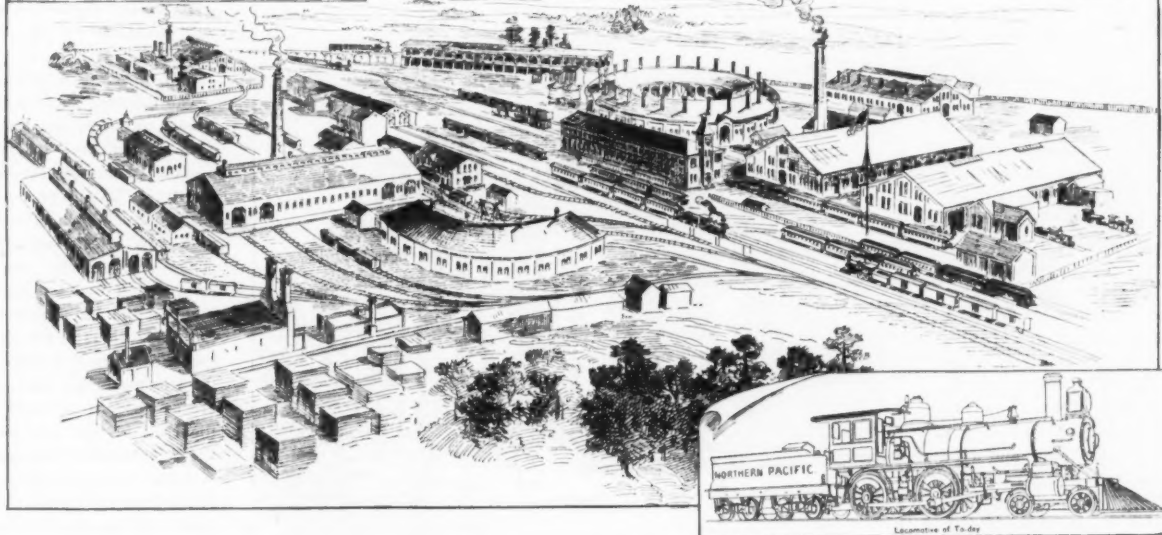
Col. C. W. Griggs, A. G. Foster and H. S. Griggs of St. Paul, Henry Hewitt, Jr., A. C. Jones and A. W. Norton of Wisconsin and Michigan left St. Paul yesterday afternoon in the private car Glacier over the Northern Pacific road, bound for Tacoma, Wash., to organize the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company. This is the outcome of the recent purchase by these gentlemen from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company of about 80,000 acres of timber lands in Washington Territory. Accompanying these gentlemen are a large number of millwrights and lumbermen, and they will immediately commence the building at Tacoma of large saw mills, a jobbing house and a railroad into the timber district, by which the logs are to be transported to Tacoma and manufactured into lumber. This lumber is to be shipped eastward over the Northern Pacific, and some of it will find its way into St. Paul markets, in competition with home timber. In addition to the lumber interests the new company will mine and ship large quantities of bituminous coal and coke, of which there is an immense deposit all along the Cascade Range of mountains at and near Tacoma. It is understood that it will take about four to six months for the company to build their wharves, mills and railroad line before they will be ready for business.—*Pioneer Press*, June 1.

CHARLES DICKENS AND X. BEIDLER.

X. Beidler got his work in on Charles Dickens in good shape. The day the latter gentleman was to read at the Methodist church in this city, he took a stroll down Main Street and his keen eye observed the two-headed calf at "The Hermitage." It so happened that X. was in the vicinity and stepped up and helped to observe it. Mr. Dickens gave expression to a number of exclamations on the queer freak of nature, and turning to Mr. Beidler said something as to its being perfectly surprising. Mr. Beidler said he didn't think so, there were any number of the same kind of calves on the prairie west of the city. This statement Mr. Dickens could hardly accept. It was beyond his comprehension. He asked Mr. Beidler how he accounted for the phenomena. X. then gave as a reason for the existence of the animals that the bunch grass was so good that the cows gave more milk than a calf with one head could do justice to, and that calves with two heads were necessary to keep the cows' udders from caking. There were one or two listeners who were nearly ready to break out in a hearty laugh, but a look from X. reminded them of the dignity of the occasion. Mr. Dickens then took out his note book and made an entry of the strange sight he had seen in this strangest of all countries, and it is presumed a future number of his magazine will contain an interesting reference to the calves of the Gallatin Valley.—*Bozeman, Mt., Avant-Courier*.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

When the war with Mexico broke out I enlisted in the American Army to wrest from the Mexicans their Territory west of the Rio Grande. The result of that conflict is to younger people a matter of history.



BRainerd.—THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD SHOPS.

In camp, we heard many stories, the truth of which was often questioned. One of the camp-stories was so fascinating that it lingered in my mind, and when the strife was finished, I determined to investigate it, and ascertain whether there was any foundation to that remarkable rumor. The story was to the effect that far toward the south was a mountain, in which region existed gold in great quantities. This had been told by an American, who claimed to have passed through that region. I knew a number of comrades, who also had often talked the story over, and we formed a pledge to return to Mexico, as soon as we were discharged, and prospect in the region far to the south.

At last the appointed day and hour arrived. Our party was composed of six stalwart men, besides myself. We took the native burro or mule, as we expected to have a stern journey.

Several days were spent in getting ready for the march. Dried game was supplied in liberal quantity, to each man. We took as much water as we could conveniently carry. Another day and we launched out on the sandy, dismal plains. Three days passed. On we pressed, the hot sand scorching our feet, the white sun blistering our hands and faces. Our supply of water was well nigh exhausted. That night the canteens were drained. Morning came, and it is needless to say that our weary band slept but little. The morning sun came up and the dew falling during the night was voraciously sucked up by the rays of that fiery orb, causing a mist to envelop us, which, with a legion of vampire-like flies, made life almost unbearable.

□The fact that our water supply was totally exhausted caused grave apprehension.

It now became a matter of water or death. We must push onward; to tarry meant death. Anon we saw white bones, bleached in the sun, and we shuddered, as we knew not how soon we should lie down beside them, to keep watch over the solitary plains. Towards noon the heavens were changed, and a brisk wind came up. This did not relieve us any, as the scalding sand beat with relentless

our thirst. Onward we staggered over the trackless plains. Pause, we dared not. Those who were in the saddle passed their time by nodding with fatigue, else with wild, coherent ravings, cursing the day they started out on such a hazardous exploration. Those on foot pushed on blindly, seemingly to have no objective point in view. Scarcely had an hour elapsed, ere we again felt the pangs of thirst with two-fold

fury in our faces, almost blinding us. The mules labored along, their fetlocks often sinking below the hot sand. "The cursed gold," was the muttering of my companions. It soon became evident that the weakest of our party were fast sinking, it being hours since water had touched their parched and cracked lips. "There is but one plan, boys," said I, "We must kill an animal and drink the blood." As a last resort this was followed. Eagerly was the life blood drunk. For an instant, this hideous draught quenched

force. The life blood we had taken relieved our misery for a time, but now increased our sufferings. Eyes became blood-shot, lips blackened and hands and faces so distorted that we were scarcely able to discern one from another. The blood soon made us deathly sick, and retching and vomiting became common among our miserable band. We must find water ere the sun sets, else we shall sleep the long sleep on the weary waste. Why not succumb to the inevitable, and let grim death cool our parched and bleeding lips? A hand divine

seemed to bid us hope. Thus we struggled on. Toward evening we espied a hill covered with shrubs and trees. To this we rushed. A small spring was found, where we bathed and drank. We remained here several days, as it was impossible to again set forth, as it was evident we were lost upon the plains. Game being plentiful, we spent a number of days pleasantly, when a party of prospectors came by, on their way to the United States. We joined them, not caring to further hunt for the gold that we had set out to find. In due time we camped beneath the stars and stripes, north of the Mexican boundary.

LOUIS E. LOMBARD.

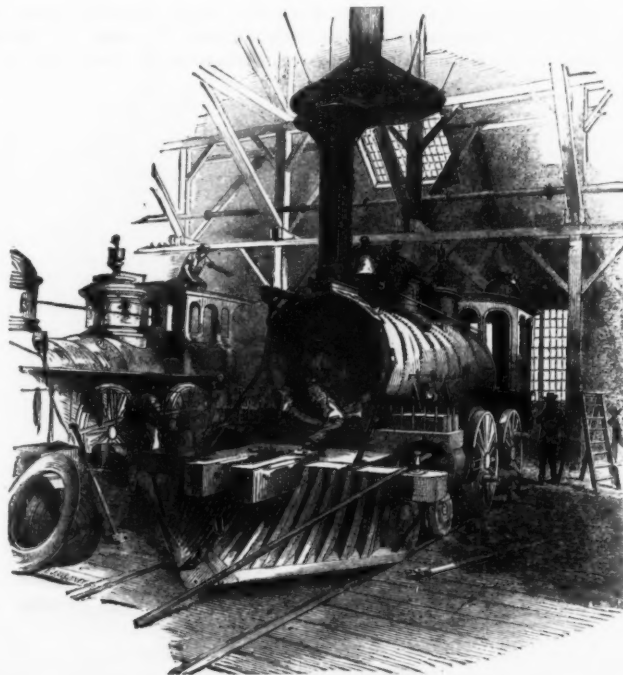
FATE.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare!
The spray of the tempest is white in the air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day."

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from chase in glee,
And the town that was builded upon a rock,
Was swallowed up in an earthquake shock.

—Bret Harte.



STABLED.

"THE CITY OF THE PINES."

Brainerd, Minn.—A Growing Manufacturing Town With a Great Water Power.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

If you take a map of Minnesota and find where a line drawn from north to south, mid-way of the State, intersects a similar line drawn from east to west, you will discover that the point is just twelve miles west of the city of Brainerd. Yet we, in Southern Minnesota, always think of Brainerd as a place in the far North, and unless unusually well-posted in the geography of our State are surprised to learn that it might well lay claim to the title of "Central City," if it choose, instead of to its pretty cognomen, taken from the pine forests that envelope it on two sides and the groves of the same odorous trees that adorn its streets. We think of Brainerd as away up in the North from the fact that it is in reality almost on the extreme northern frontier of the settled part of Minnesota, where the cultivated lands leave off and the great forests begin. With the exception of the Red River Valley, lying west and northwest of Brainerd, the northern half of Minnesota is still a virgin wilderness, whose streams and lakes and woods are known only to the lumberman and the seeker for iron ores. This situation, let me say in advance, is a strong point with Brainerd, and not a weak one, as might be thought on hasty consideration, for it is plain that if a town of over ten thousand people has grown up here with only wild lands on three sides of it, further growth, with the clearing of the forests, the manufacture of the pine and hard woods and the opening of farms must be as certain in the future as the result of a problem in mathematics. In brief, the central situation of Brainerd ensures to it whatever of support to a city must necessarily come from the peopling and development of a large share of the northern half of Minnesota. Of course the forest lands are not all susceptible of cultivation when cleared; the pine tracts are generally sandy and barren, but there are extensive hard-wood tracts, on the shores of lakes and on the banks of streams, which are slowly but steadily attracting settlement. It will not be long before railroads will penetrate the great northern wilderness of Minnesota and the thousands of people who will then live there will swell the population and trade of Brainerd. It is therefore no unreasonable excess of local patriotism that leads the citizens of the place to anticipate great things from the future. Their town is on the main traffic highway between the head of Lake Superior and the wheat fields, cattle ranges and mining districts of the West, at the point where that highway is intersected by the main line of rail from St. Paul and Minneapolis to the North. If there is to be an important city in the center of the State, they have a faith that is as sensible as it is strong that Brainerd is to be that city.

Brainerd is a creation of the Northern Pacific railroad. The point where this road, building westward from Duluth, was to cross the Mississippi River, was evidently a natural town-site, and Thomas H. Canfield and L. P. White, who laid out all the towns on the road in Minnesota and also in Dakota east of the Missouri River, were early on the ground with their surveyors' stakes. They called the place Brainerd, because that was the family name of the wife of J. Gregory Smith, of Vermont, then President of the

N. P. Company. This was in 1870. The company located its principal machine and car shops here and the town sprang into rapid and prosperous existence. It had a set-back in 1873, when Jay Cooke failed and all Northern Pacific affairs went under a very black cloud. It picked up gradually, when the road, under the presidency of Charles B. Wright, began to earn a little money. When construction was resumed west of the Missouri, under Frederick Billings' presidency the town gained rapidly, and later, in the years of Henry Villard's energetic management, when new

industries will be such that the merchants will not notice the ups and downs of shop work. An exceedingly valuable and copious water-power has been developed by the construction of a dam across the Mississippi which will speedily attract mills and manufactories, a new railroad, the Brainerd and Northwestern, will soon open the country northwest of the town, and the farming lands are being steadily cleared and settled. Furthermore, there is no reason for apprehending that there will ever be a reduction in the force of railway employees, now that the Northern Pacific is on solid financial footing, with a constantly increasing traffic, requiring more and more men to operate its trains and to repair its rolling-stock. Brainerd has evidently seen its last backset and can count with certainty on an uninterrupted growth.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC SHOPS.

The Brainerd shops are the most extensive owned by the Northern Pacific company and rank with the most important plants of the kind in the country. They represent a value of nearly \$2,000,000. The buildings are of yellow brick, with slate roofs, the machinery includes every approved labor-saving invention applicable to car building and locomotive repairs, sanitary conditions have been carefully studied, there is a reading room for the free use of the workmen, the wages are as good as are paid anywhere in the East in like establishments, and life is made attractive and secure. A remarkably intelligent and thrifty class of mechanics fill these shops. Most of them own pleasant homes in the city and look upon it as their permanent residence. They take part in public affairs, secure a good education for their children and with their fast



BRAINERD.—COURT-HOUSE OF CROW WING COUNTY.

shops were built and crowded with mechanics there was an era of great prosperity. The retirement of Mr. Villard and the policy of close economy which necessarily followed the financial misfortunes of 1883 reduced the force in the shops nearly one half, causing trade to be dull and population to decline. With the revived prosperity of the road in more recent years, Brainerd has begun a fresh career of growth. Happily the new progress of the town is not based wholly on the activity in the enormous railway shops. Great as is the revenue which these shops regularly contribute to the business of the town the time seems close at hand when the aggregate importance of other

friends, the locomotive engineers, form a stable, conservative element in the population of the city. These mechanics number nearly 800 in all and they do most of the freight car building and locomotive repairing for all the Northern Pacific main line and branches east of the Rocky Mountains. The road has a number of division shops for lighter repairs, but the heavy work comes to Brainerd. The shop buildings consist of an office and storehouse, 43x282 feet, two stories high; boiler and tin shop 80x224 feet; a machine and erecting shop, 120x244 feet; a boiler annex 40x80 feet, with a 1,500 horse-power Corliss engine; a round-house, 316 feet in diameter, with stalls for 44 engines; a black-smith shop, 80x197 feet; an oil house, 45x62 feet; two iron and coal store houses, one 26x57 and the other 26x98 feet; a paint shop, 50x240 feet; a foundry, 80x235 feet; a wood working shop, 65x160 feet, with an annex for axle and car wheel work, 40x65 feet; a freight car repair shop, 80x160 feet and a lumber dry kiln, 40x70 feet. The present monthly pay roll of the shops amounts to about \$80,000.

Next to the shop mechanics the train men form numerically the largest element of the city's population. Headquarters of the Minnesota division are here, and about eighty locomotive engineers and probably five times that number of conductors, firemen and brakemen make the place their home. Shop men and train crews, with their families, must number in all not far from four thousand souls—a pretty solid basis for a large town by themselves. Sturdy, self-reliant men, they are, too, and worthy members of the great American industrial army.

THE BRAINERD WATER POWER.

The swift, brown current of the Mississippi encircles the town on the north and west, running between high, sandy, pine-



BRAINERD.—YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

covered banks. A rapid about a mile above the railroad shops long ago suggested a water power dam, but years went by before the project took shape. Last year the construction of a massive barrier of wood and stone, to control the whole current of the river, was commenced by the Mississippi River

Water Power and

Boom Company, a

home corporation

in which C. F. Kindred is the moving

spirit and the largest

stockholder. Aid to the amount

of \$25,000 was obtained from the city

and the county gave

\$50,000 in bonds, nominally to build

a bridge. The State Supreme Court had

decided that county bonds voted for the

construction of a dam were void be-

cause of a provision in the constitution

prohibiting taxation for the benefit

of private enterprises. Both county

and city wanted the dam built and

were ready with practical unanimity to

vote bonds and taxes for the purpose. A

bridge was needed at the point selected

for the dam, so the dam was made the

foundation for the bridge and all danger

of the bonds being declared invalid was

thus ingeniously avoided. The dam and

bridge, finished this year, have cost

about \$125,000, leaving about \$50,000

as the sum furnished by the subscribers to

the company's stock.

The river is 270 feet wide at the dam, with a clay bottom and sandy banks from sixty-five to ninety feet high. Unusual low water greatly favored the work of the engineers last summer, and a solid foundation was secured for the dam by driving rows of oak piles into the bed of the stream, seven feet apart and extending for a distance up the river bed of 100 feet. The interstices were filled with rock and the sills of the dam were bolted to the piles. A double row of sheet piling was driven above the dam, with wings extending into the banks and slanting up stream. As the superstructure arose, each timber was firmly bolted to the solid mass and the spaces filled in solidly with stone. In the construction of the massive work 2,800 cords of stone, 2,500,000 feet of pine, 70,000 feet of oak and 80 tons of iron were used. A solid bank of earth was graded from the flume to the bank, extending 100 feet above the dam, which greatly relieves the pressure upon the structure of the vast volume of water above. The great flume is sixty feet wide and 200 feet long, with five head-gates, operated by machinery. Each gate admits sufficient water to the flume to run at least ten turbine wheels. The plan of the work contemplates the transmission of power by wire cables from the flume to any point on the bank above or below the dam where it is required. Saw mills will be located on the lake above the dam, where there is storage capacity for 3,000,000,000 feet of logs. A railroad track runs from the main line of the Northern Pacific to the dam and the lake. This lake, Rice Lake is its name, is now made a part of the river by the raising of the water in the latter, and is partly separated from the main channel by a long

island. A boom from the lower end of the island to main land makes a storage reservoir for logs nowhere equalled for extent and absolute safety on the entire Mississippi. The sawing season at Brainerd begins from four to six weeks earlier than at Minneapolis, because of the time required to float the logs down a 150 miles of river to the Minneapolis mills.

With a perpendicular fall of eighteen feet, a struc-

points situated on the direct line from the Dakota wheat fields to Lake Superior ports. In the fourth place, the abundance of poplar near at hand makes this a good point for the manufacture of pulp for paper. Still another advantage will be found in the presence of a large industrial population of skilled mechanics. The railroad system should also be taken into account. Brainerd is on the most important of the great trans-

continental trunk

lines running to the

Pacific Coast. It has

the cheap route of

the lakes for receiv-

ing manufacturing

machinery and sup-

plies—Duluth is 114

miles distant and it

is in direct commun-

ication with the en-

tire agricultural

country of Dakota

and Northern Min-

nesota and with the

vast regions further

west. The Upper

Mississippi Valley is

evidently destined to

be the seat of vigor-

ous manufacturing

enterprises. Cli-

mate, population,

natural resources,

transportation lines

and nearness to ex-

tensive regions

which have no nat-

ural facilities for manufacturing combine to strengthen this theory. The Brainerd water power project is founded on correct premises and the big dam will before many years double and treble the population of the city.

NAVIGATION ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

The building of the Brainerd dam has had the effect of covering with the back water the rapids that formerly

blockaded navigation from the city up to

Aitkin. From Aitkin to Grand Rapids

there is a stretch of about 100 miles of good

navigable water and two steamboats run up

to the lumbering camps along the river.

The distance from Brainerd to Aitkin by

river is about seventy miles. Steamboats

can now start from Brainerd for the up

river cruise and this fact will be advan-

teous to the place in two ways, first in

giving it the trade of the lumbering camps

and second in settling the fertile bottoms

along the river, where farmers can now go

and have cheap transportation for their

crops from their very doors. This latter is a

point worth the attention of settlers looking

for homes in Northern Minnesota. These

bottom lands are very fertile, producing

heavy crops of grains and vegetables and

covered with a luxuriant growth of native

grasses.

BRAINERD AS A HEALTH RESORT.

The citizens of Brainerd want the world

to know there is no better place in the

Northwest for sick people to get well in or

for healthy people to keep well in than in

their city. For proof of this statement they

point to the remarkably low mortality

record of the Sanitarium, where hundreds

of sick and wounded men are annually

treated, and where a smaller percentage die

than die of well people in most localities. Then they

call your attention to the purity of the air, laden with

balsamic odors from the pine forests, to the good

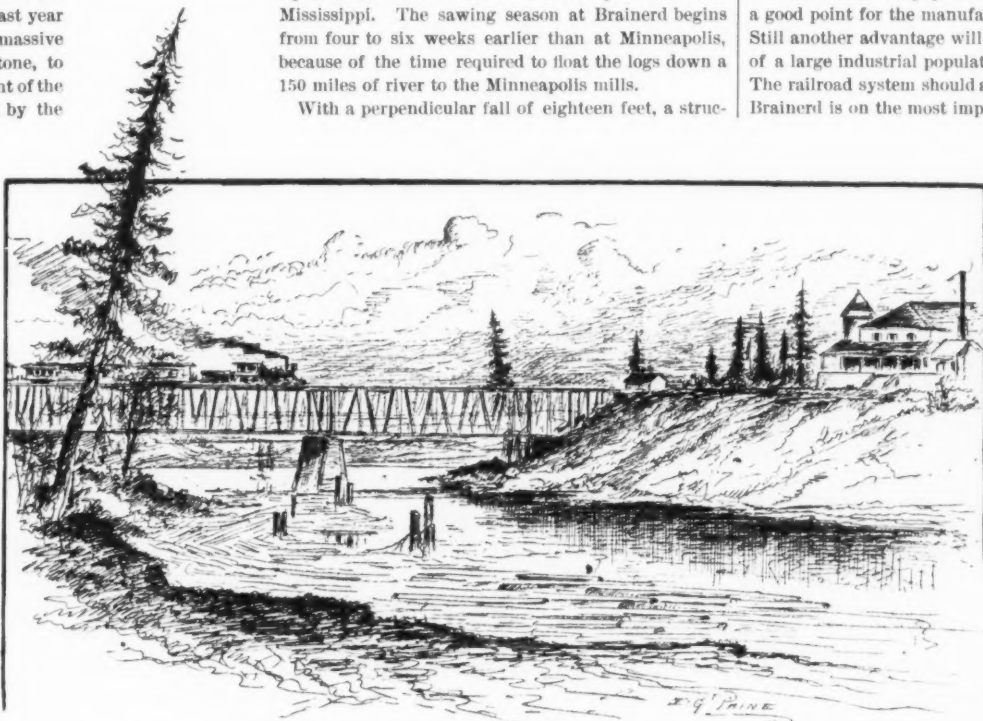
drainage, the sandy soil, the height of the town above

the river, the absence of malaria, the numerous lakes

for fishing and boating, and the pleasant drives

through the open pine woods. They are right. There

is no better tonic for sluggish blood and no better



BRAINERD.—NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.—[Pen etching by E. G. Paine.]

ture strong enough to withstand the utmost force of freshets and with the whole current of the Mississippi to draw upon, backed by a lake six miles long by three wide for a storage dam in dry seasons, the Brainerd water power may well claim to be first-class in all respects. As a manufacturing location its advantages are numerous. First, the great bulk of the Minnesota pineries lie on the Mississippi and its



BRAINERD.—THE HIGH SCHOOL.

tributaries above the dam. Second, the best hardwood districts in the Northwest are in close proximity to Brainerd. Third, millions of bushels of wheat pass through Brainerd every year on the way to the navigation of the lakes at Duluth, making the place an excellent point for milling in transit. It is pretty well settled that the future development of the milling industry of the State is going to be at good water power

curative for weak lungs than this invigorating Northern Minnesota atmosphere.

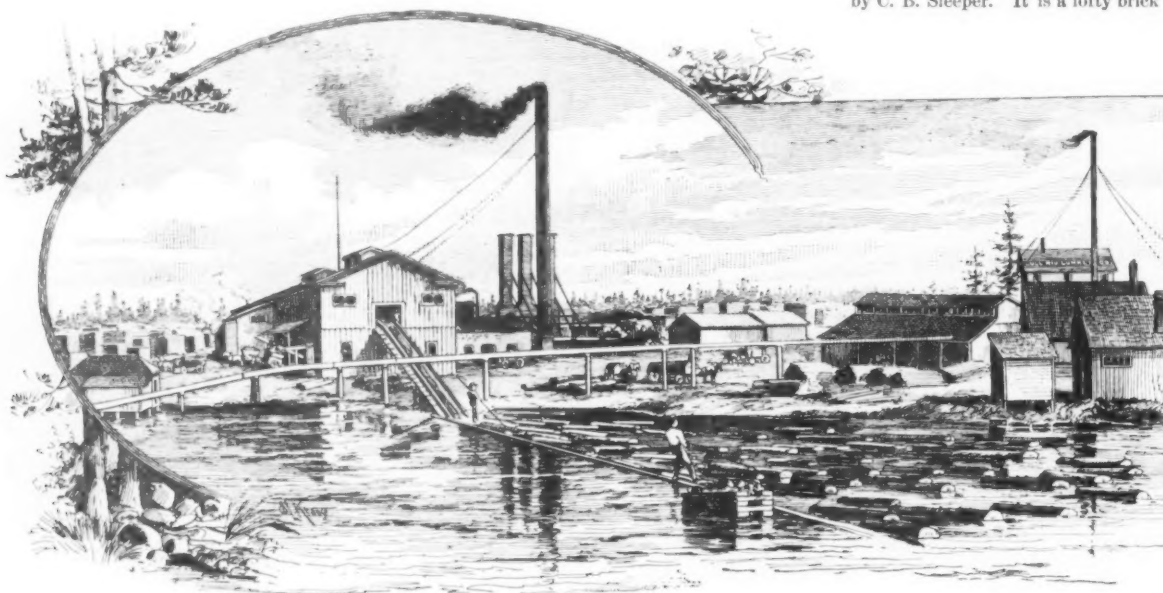
BRainerd MANUFACTURING CONCERNS.

Outside of the railroad shops, which are a manufacturing concern of the first rank, the present establishments of the city engaged in converting raw material into manufactured products are the extensive

contains a large Sanitarium at Brainerd, by contributions of sums ranging from twenty-five cents to \$1.50 per month from all the employees of the railway company on the divisions east of the Rocky Mountains. Each employee is entitled to receive free treatment and nursing, in case of sickness or accident, either in the Sanitarium or at his own home. The Sanitarium

Tribune, which dates from the foundation of the city. Its owners are Halstead & Pennel. The *Dispatch* is of more recent date and is published by Ingersoll & Weiland. The *Journal* is the only Democratic paper. Its editor is H. C. Stivers.

No other town in the Northwest of no greater size than Brainerd has as large and well-built an amusement structure. The Sleeper Opera House, owned by C. B. Sleeper. It is a lofty brick building 62x125



THE GULL RIVER LUMBER CO.'S PLANT AT GULL RIVER, MINN.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

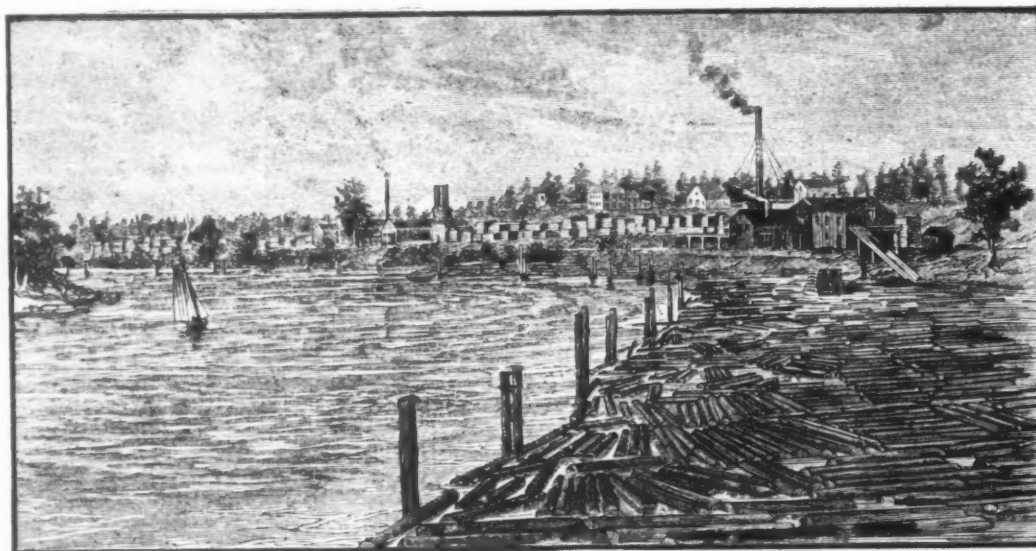
saw mills of J. J. Howe & Co., the smaller mills of White & Davis and L. P. White, the sash, blind and door factory and feed mill of the Brainerd Manufacturing Company and three brick yards which made last year an aggregate of 7,500,000 cream brick and 2,000,000 red brick. The special opportunities for new factories using the power of the dam, which can be had on peculiarly favorable terms, are for flouring mills, saw mills, furniture factories, agricultural implement concerns, pulp mills, wagon and carriage

is a handsome building standing in the midst of spacious grounds in a commanding situation on the west bank of the Mississippi and overlooking the city. It is a model of neatness, order, and successful remedial effort. The death rate is surprisingly low. During the year 1887 the Association treated 1,050 patients, with only thirteen deaths, and of these five did not reach the hospital and three were mortally wounded. The building cost, exclusive of furniture, \$27,000. The Association is free from debt and

feet, with seating capacity in its auditorium for 1,000 people. Besides the theater, it contains ten rooms arranged for Masonic uses.

The Court House of Crow Wing County is built of Brainerd cream brick with handsome architectural effects. Near it are the jail and sheriff's residence.

Brainerd has eight churches—Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Norwegian, Lutheran, Swedish Baptist and Swedish Lutheran. The Young Men's Christian Association has begun the erection



BRainerd.—J. J. HOWE & CO.'S LUMBER MILLS.—[From a sketch by Passmore.]

factories, stave mills and spoke, hub and felloe factories. Many other industries might also be mentioned, such as a car building establishment, a twine factory and a factory for making barrels from paper pulp.

COMMENDABLE INSTITUTIONS.

The Northern Pacific Beneficial Association main-

has a surplus fund of \$35,000. Its chief surgeon is Dr. D. P. Bigger.

There are four weeklies and one daily newspaper published in Brainerd. The daily is the *News*, edited by A. Dewey, and is a sprightly, enterprising sheet, publishing the Associated Press dispatches. It issues a weekly edition. The oldest of the weeklies is the

of a tasteful building for its exclusive use, for which the Northern Pacific Railroad has given the site and subscribed \$1,000 in cash. The public schools are well-maintained and the principal school edifice is a very creditable building, as our illustration shows.

There is an efficient fire department in the city, water works, using the Holly system and pumping up

the Mississippi water, which though brown in color is entirely wholesome, an electric light plant and a street railroad running from the center of the place to East Brainerd. A new hotel is soon to be built to take the place of the Villard House, which was destroyed by fire two years ago.

FARMING IN CROW WING COUNTY.

The county of Crow Wing, of which Brainerd is the capital, lies on both sides of the Mississippi River and is one of the largest in area in the State. Its population has been increasing very rapidly in recent years. In 1880 it had but 2,318 inhabitants; the State census of 1885 gave it 8,744 and at the present time it probably has at least 15,000. This rapid growth is due to two causes—the increase of population in Brainerd and the steady settlement of the hard-wood timbered lands, which are valuable for farming and can be homesteaded or bought at very cheap prices from the railroad company. The timber on these lands consists of oak, maple, hickory, butter-nut, ash and elm. The soil is a rich vegetable mould resting on clay. According to the State census reports the yield of farm crops in 1885 was as follows: wheat 24 bushels to the acre, oats 50 bushels, rye, 12 bushels, barley, 23 bushels, corn, 20 bushels, potatoes, 100 bushels. The wheat is the celebrated number one hard. Railroad lands can be bought for from two to five dollars an acre and a settler who is willing to go a few miles from the railroad can still find valuable Government land to homestead or pre-empt. Settlers can always get employment during the winter in the lumber camps and while clearing their land can market the timber in the form of railroad ties, fire wood, etc., at prices that will pay them good wages for all the time spent in clearing. As a rule the settler in the timber is better off after a few years than one who goes upon the western prairies. He works harder, but he has more to show for his labor.

BRAINERD PORTRAITS.

Dr. D. P. Bigger, the chief surgeon of the Northern Pacific Beneficial Association, was born near Cambridge, Ohio, in 1833. He studied medicine and began practice in Monmouth, Ill. During the civil war he was Assistant Surgeon of the 102d Illinois Infantry and was promoted to be Surgeon of the 9th Regiment from the same State. In 1864 he was in charge of the important general hospital at Fort Leavenworth. He made the historic "March to the Sea" with Sherman and after the close of the war settled at Warrenburg, Missouri. In 1872 he removed to Kansas City and was appointed surgeon of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. His service in that position gave him the acquaintance of Thomas F. Oakes, who was at that time managing the Kansas Pacific, and when Mr. Oakes became Vice-President of the Northern Pacific he offered Dr. Bigger the charge of the hospital organization of the latter company. The hospital at Brainerd was then a small and inferior structure, originally built for a stopping



BRAINERD.—THE NEW KINDRED BLOCK.

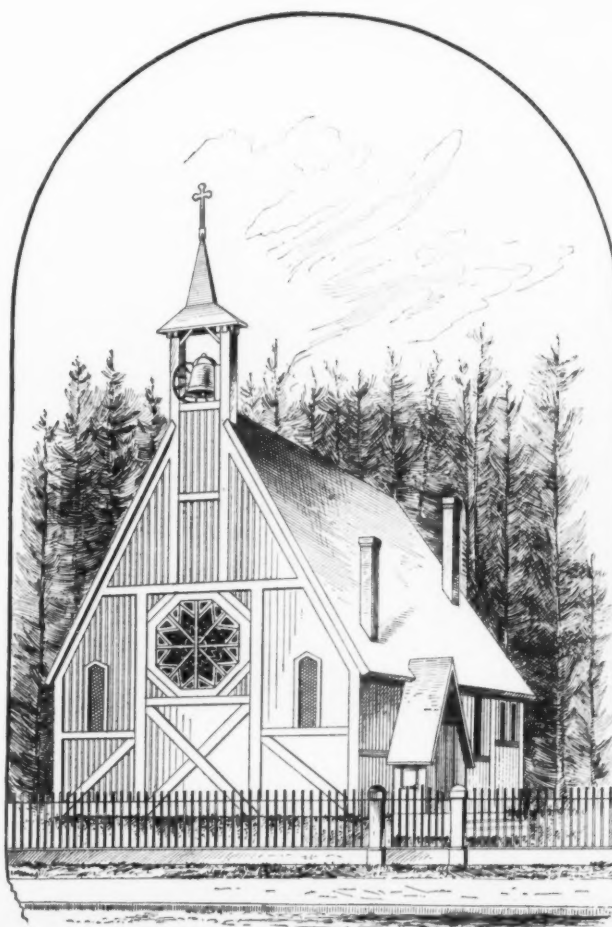
place for immigrants. It was burned in the winter of 1883 when the mercury was forty-five below zero, but the thirty-five patients were all safely removed. The new Sanitarium, with its commodious wards, its airy halls, its excellent health appliances, its handsome grounds, and

He was the second Mayor of Brainerd, but since his service in that capacity he has steadfastly refused to accept any public office. He has a pleasant home in the city and sufficient property to be comfortable and independent, and he enjoys his age in serenity of mind and health of body.

Col. C. B. Sleeper was born in Holland, Erie County, New York, in 1838. His father came from an old New Hampshire family that sent off a branch into Vermont. Nearly all the Sleepers in the country are of New England stock. His mother was of French ancestry, the family name being originally Bonpasse. The first of the name came to New England in the brig Fortune, in the year 1621. The name shared the fate of many fine and significant French names in this country, being corrupted first into Bumpas and then into Bump. Col. Sleeper was educated in Aurora Academy, studied law in Buffalo and was admitted to the bar in New York city in 1860. He raised a company during the civil war, and served in the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Slocum. After the war he went to Minneapolis, where he practiced law for two years. In 1871 he moved to Brainerd, one year after the first establishment of the town, the place having at that time about 1,200 inhabitants. Col. Sleeper foresaw Brainerd's future importance and determined to make it his permanent home. He has been County Auditor, Clerk of the District Court, State Attorney and Prosecuting Attorney for Crow Wing County. Col. Sleeper is probably the largest owner of Brainerd town property. He was one of the first projectors of the Brainerd & Northwestern Railroad, and was the first President of the company. He is one of the active movers in the new water power enterprise, and believes Brainerd is to become a great manufacturing town. He is the largest stockholder in the opera house, and was the first to take steps for the building of this active structure.

BRAINERD BUSINESS MEN AND FIRMS.

C. F. Kindred is unquestionably the most energetic and widely known of the business men of Brainerd. There are few enterprises of any magnitude or importance that tend to the growth and prosperity of the city in which he has not some share. The new water-power dam is almost wholly his enterprise; so is the street railroad, the water-works and electric light plant, the new hotel project and the Brainerd and



BRAINERD.—EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Northwestern Railroad. His activities are not confined to the building up of Brainerd, but reach out into State politics, and he is one of the most conspicuous public men in the Northwest.

The iron and brass foundry of Oliphant & Cutting is one of the important manufacturing concerns of Brainerd. It is located near the Northern Pacific shops and a leading line of its business is the making of castings for railroad use. The proprietors are experienced founders.

The Gull River Lumber Company has one of the largest lumber plants in the Northwest located on the Gull River, a tributary of the Mississippi, three miles west of Brainerd, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The company have lumber yards for the sale of their product in nearly every important town in Northern Minnesota and Northern Dakota. Their annual cut is about 25,000,000 feet. Their log crop is obtained from the headwaters of Gull River and from the shores of the lakes that feed that stream. Ex-Governor Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, is the president of the company. Looking to future operations when the Gull River pineries shall be exhausted, the company has bought 400 acres on Rice Lake, the great boomage reservoir of the Brainerd water-power dam, and intends to occupy this valuable property with a mill at no distant day. This will give the company the entire Upper Mississippi pine district to draw their logs from.

J. J. Howe & Co. are one of the largest lumber concerns on the Upper Mississippi. Their mills at Brainerd are illustrated in this article. This year they will saw 16,000,000 feet. Their log crop of last winter, all now on hand at their mill, amounted to 20,000,000 feet. This enormous cut was mainly taken from their own lands on the river and its tributaries above Brainerd and on the shores of numerous lakes which drain into the river. Their lumbering operations begin about fifteen miles above Brainerd and extend to a distance of sixty miles from the city.



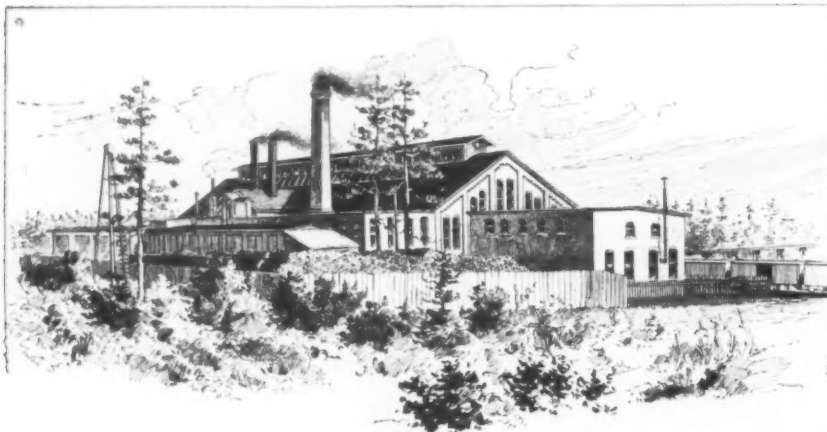
BRAINERD.—THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

S. & J. W. Coop are the leading grocers and do a heavy business in all branches of their line of trade.

The Lumberman's Exchange Bank is a private banking house managed by C. L. Spaulding.

Other prominent and public-spirited business men, who are always willing to aid in movements for the development of the city are H. C. Miller, contractor and builder, who erected many of the best dwellings and business blocks; O. H. Havill, real estate agent and the energetic Secretary of the Board of Trade; Holland & McClenahan, lawyers; G. S. Fernald, lawyer; W. S. Martin, local agent for the Northern Pacific Railroad; Warner Homstead, Mayor of the city and Assistant Surgeon at the Brainerd Sanitarium; Dressachell & Shedd, jewelers; Dr. D. P. Bigger, Surgeon in charge of the Sanitarium; H. C. Douglas, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel; Wm. Steel, an old hotel man and at present a large owner of Brainerd property; A. L. Hoffman, merchant; Walter Davis, a large holder of real estate; Johnson & Bain, druggists; J. S. Congdon, painter; Smith & Cochran, barbers. To these gentlemen *THE NORTHWEST* is indebted for assistance in the preparation of this article.

How ELY GETS THERE.—A young man who was examined for an appointment as a deputy clerk came across this question: "What States and Territories would you cross in going from New York to the Pacific Coast?" He didn't know and so he wrote: "None. I would go around by Cape Horn."



BRAINERD.—OLIPHANT & CUTTING FOUNDRY.

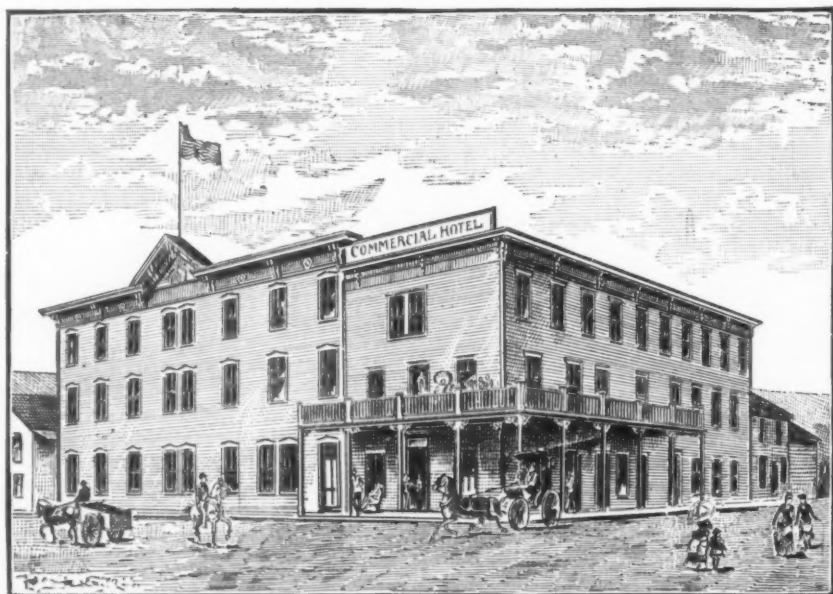
The market for their lumber, shingles and lath is chiefly in Eastern Minnesota, Dakota and Montana, on the Northern Pacific lines, but during the past year they have shipped largely to St. Paul and southwestern points. With better shipping facilities in a southwestern direction they would reach out into Kansas and Nebraska. Mr. Howe says they could sell four times their entire present output to Kansas City, Atchison, Topeka and Omaha alone if there were a direct road to these cities. He estimates the total present annual crop of the Minnesota pineries at 350,000,000 feet and says that at this rate of cutting good timber will begin to be scarce in about fifteen years.

The First National Bank is the leading financial factor in the business of Brainerd. It was organized in October, 1881, with a capital of \$50,000, and its success is well shown by the fact that it now has a surplus of \$30,000. The bank occupies and owns one of the best business blocks in the place, which is the subject of one of our pictures. Its officers are as follows: H. J. Spencer, President; Adam Brown, Vice-President; A. F. Ferris, Cashier; G. D. LaBar, Assistant Cashier. Directors—G. W. Holland, L. E. Lum, Adam Brown, A. F. Ferris, H. J. Spencer.

Cohen Brothers have the leading dry goods house. The firm is composed of Henry and Joseph Cohen, formerly of St. Paul. They have been in business in Brainerd about seven years and are liberal and public-spirited men.

J. L. Smith is a prominent real estate agent who handles pine lands and a great deal of city property.

Farrar & Forsythe are largely interested in property in East Brainerd, where the great railroad shops are located and where the new water-power will attract manufacturing concerns. A. P. Farrar, of this firm, was formerly master mechanic of the N. P. shops.



BRAINERD.—THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL.



BRAINERD.—VIEW ON FRONT STREET.—[From a sketch by Krause.]

THE OKANOGAN COUNTRY.

In speaking of the Okanogan country it must be considered as comprehending quite a large tract of

valley so low but a luxuriant coat of grass is to be seen. There is no country can produce as fat cattle as are grown along the Okanogan River and its tributaries. Phelps, Wadleigh and George Smith and other

this favored region have been little understood or appreciated until a little less than three years ago. It had been the home of large bands of stock but its wealth in mines was little known and it being uninhabited by white people its mineral resources remained hidden. The first discoveries, except those made by Hiram Smith and a half breed, were made less than three years ago. Although the mines are full of promise but little development work has been done up to this date. From the great rush of miners of experience and men of capital that are going there a lively camp may be anticipated, and some effective work will be done before the season closes. Of course machinery is needed to bring about such a result. It is pleasant to know that machinery for a more full development in both mining camps is now en route to these mines, which with 10,000 or 12,000 people, who will go there this season, will make lively times in the several camps.

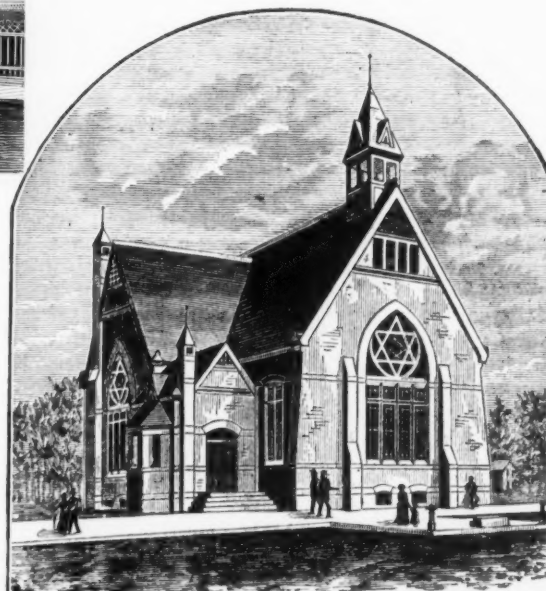
—Ellensburg (Wash. Ter.) Localizer.



BRAINERD.—RESIDENCE OF HON. C. B. SLEEPER.

land, valuable not for its mines alone, but as one that is susceptible of cultivation, raising grain, grasses, vegetables, fruits, etc., and one that is unrivaled for stock raising. Hiram Smith, the first white settler on the upper Okanogan, has proven beyond question its productiveness for apples, pears, peaches, plums and all the smaller fruits in abundance and of unexcelled quality. Hiram Smith's farm and orchard is on the Osoyoos Lake. He has large herds of horses and cattle. The favorableness of that region may be judged of when it is stated that this stock is wintered for the most part on the range. The whole surface of the country is covered without a luxuriant growth of the famous bunch grass, which is to be found on the highest hills, in the timber and all through the mines. There is no hill so high without rocks, nor

stock raisers have raised and handled the stock reared there, and are familiar with the profits arising therefrom. The two year olds there are about equal to the four and five year olds raised in the Willamette Valley. The snow does not fall so deep on the lower Okanogan and when it does fall it soon disappears from the hillsides so that cattle can reach feed and make their own living the winter through. Although two degrees north of here the winters are favorable for stock of all kinds. The mineral resources of



BRAINERD.—CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



HON. C. B. SLEEPER, OF BRAINERD.

PETROLEUM IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Several weeks ago, says an exchange, an Indian saw a storekeeper at Centralia measuring out some coal oil. He recognized the fluid, and said that he knew where there was "heaps" of it, and stated that when the Indians wanted to make a fire quickly they poured the oil on the kindling wood. An investigation party was quickly organized and the Indian guided them to a spot about twenty miles west of Centralia, in Chehalis County, about midway between Centralia and Gray's Harbor. There in the woods, and on Government land, was found what to all appearances was petroleum sprouting from the earth. The flow was rapidly absorbed back into the ground and had probably been going on from time immemorial, as no white man had ever before been in that locality. The discoverers resolved to keep the matter strictly quiet and at once sent to Pennsylvania for an expert to make a test of the oil. He finished his work recently and pronounced the "find" petroleum of the best quality. The flow is about two barrels per hour, which the expert says is phenomenal, considering that no boring had been done. He asserted that when the ground should be broken by boring the



D. P. BIGGER, M. D., CHIEF SURGEON N. P. R. R., BRAINERD.

flow would be immense, and also that he found indications of oil for some distance around. In his opinion that portion of Chehalis County will equal any section of Pennsylvania in the production of oil. Immediately on receiving the expert's report a company was formed, composed of E. N. Binkley and other leading citizens of Centralia, Mr. Marriott, of Tacoma the Washington Territory representative of the wholesale grocery house of Sprague, Warner & Co., of Chicago, and one or two Chicago capitalists. They have ordered machinery and applied to the Government for permission to purchase the land and are making active preparations to sink wells and work their discovery.

THE PLEASURES OF RANCHING.

"For bedding, each man has two or three pairs of blankets and a tarpaulin, or small wagon sheet. Usually two or three sleep together. Even in June the nights are generally cool and pleasant, and it is chilly in the early morning, although this is not always so, and when the weather stays hot and mosquitoes are plenty the hours of darkness, even in mid-summer, seem painfully long. In the Bad Lands proper we are not often bothered very seriously by these winged pests; but in the low bottoms of the Big Missouri, and beside many of the reedy ponds and great sloughs out on the prairie, they are a perfect scourge. During the very hot nights, when they are especially active, the bedclothes make a man feel absolutely smothered, and yet his only chance for sleep is to wrap himself tightly up, head and all; and even then some of the pests force their way in. At sunset I have seen the mosquitoes rise up from the land like a dense cloud to make the hot, stifling night one long torture; the horses would neither lie down nor graze, travelling restlessly to and fro till day-break, their bodies streaked and bloody, and the insects settling on them so as to make them all one color, a uniform gray; while the men after a few hours tossing about in the vain attempt to sleep rose, built a fire of damp sage brush, and thus endured the misery as best they could until it was light enough to work. "But if the weather is fine a man will never sleep



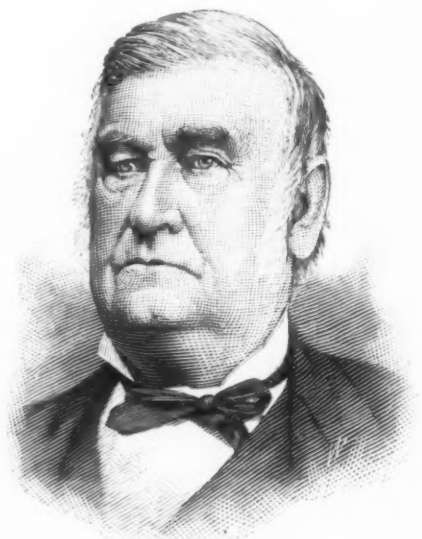
J. J. HOWE, OF BRAINERD.

better nor more pleasantly than in the open air after a hard day's work on the round-up; nor will an ordinary shower or gust of wind disturb him in the least, for he simply draws the tarpaulin over his head and goes on sleeping. But now and then we have a windstorm that might better be called a whirlwind, and has to be met very differently; and two or three days or nights of rain insure the wetting of the blankets, and, therefore, shivering discomforts on the part of the would-be sleeper. For two or three hours

all goes well; and it is rather soothing to listen to the steady patter of the great rain drops on the canvas. But then it will be found that a corner has been left open through which the water can get in, or else the tarpaulin will begin to leak somewhere; or perhaps the water will have collected in a hollow underneath and have begun to soak through. Soon a little stream trickles in, and every effort to remedy matters merely results in a change for the worse. To move out of the way insures getting wet in a fresh spot; and the best course is to lie still and accept the evils that have come with what fortitude one can. Even thus, the first night a man can sleep pretty well; but if the rain continues a second night, when the blankets are already damp and when the water comes through more easily, is apt to be most unpleasant."—*Century*.

AN INDIAN FIGHT.

On Friday night says the Billings, Montana, *Gazette*, three Piegan Indians stole fifteen head of ponies from the Crow Indians near Fort Custer and started immediately for the Yellowstone River, a distance of forty-five miles. On discovering their loss a party of fifteen Crow Indians started in pursuit. The Piegans arrived at the river at a point about one mile east of Clermont section house early in the evening. Just as they were stripped and about to cross, the Crow party came in sight, threw aside their blankets and gave battle. The fight lasted for some time, the Piegans keeping to the brush. One Piegan was finally killed



HON. LYMAN P. WHITE, THE FATHER OF BRAINERD.

and the others could not be found. The Crows then scalped their victim and cut off one of his hands. They then adjourned to the neighborhood of the section house, with their recovered ponies, where they danced and sang all night. Early in the morning they returned to the scene of the fight and discovered that another of the Indians had been wounded the night before and was still alive. They speedily put an end to his existence by firing several bullets into him as he lay on the ground. He was also scalped and the trophy divided among the Crow braves. A search was then made for the other Piegan, but he either was in close hiding in the brush or had crossed the Yellowstone and was on his way North. A white scout arrived on the scene from Fort Custer at this juncture and he and the Indians then departed for the agency. The Crows were much excited and did not stop to get their blankets, leaving them at the section house and riding to the agency stark naked. The Piegans will not be apt to make another trip for Crow ponies for a few weeks to come.

THE MEN WHO HAVE ASCENDED MT. RAINIER.

It is said that only two persons ever reached the summit of Rainier, General Kautz and an Englishman.—*Exchange*.

The writer of the above statement is in error. Citizens of this city who knew General Kautz person-

too late in that day to make the descent on that day, and were obliged to remain at the top of the mountain till next morning. They entered the crater and found sufficient warmth issuing from fissures



BRAINERD.—THE SLEEPER BLOCK.

ally, and who resided on the Sound at the time he was here, are ready to assert that he never made the ascent of Rainier. Be that as it may, it is not our purpose to discuss that point. In 1868, General Hazard Stevens, P. B. Van Trump and an English artist named Coleman attempted the ascent, the artist giving out at the snow line. General Stevens and Mr. Van Trump continued to the summit, reaching there

perhaps, who did not credit their account. Some time thereafter, Mr. Van Trump, wishing to have his former statement verified, was instrumental in forming another expedition, consisting of James Longmire, a gentleman whose veracity was unquestionable, a young man named Bailey from San Francisco, and himself, who succeeded in making the ascent. Mr. Van Trump now resides at Yelm Station, in this county, and might be able



BRAINERD.—SLEEPER OPERA HOUSE.

in the rock to prevent freezing. The following day they descended the mountain, after having implanted a small American flag and affixed to the rocks two copper plates upon which their names had been engraved. Upon their return they reported their adventures, and although they were considered truthful men, there were a few, per-

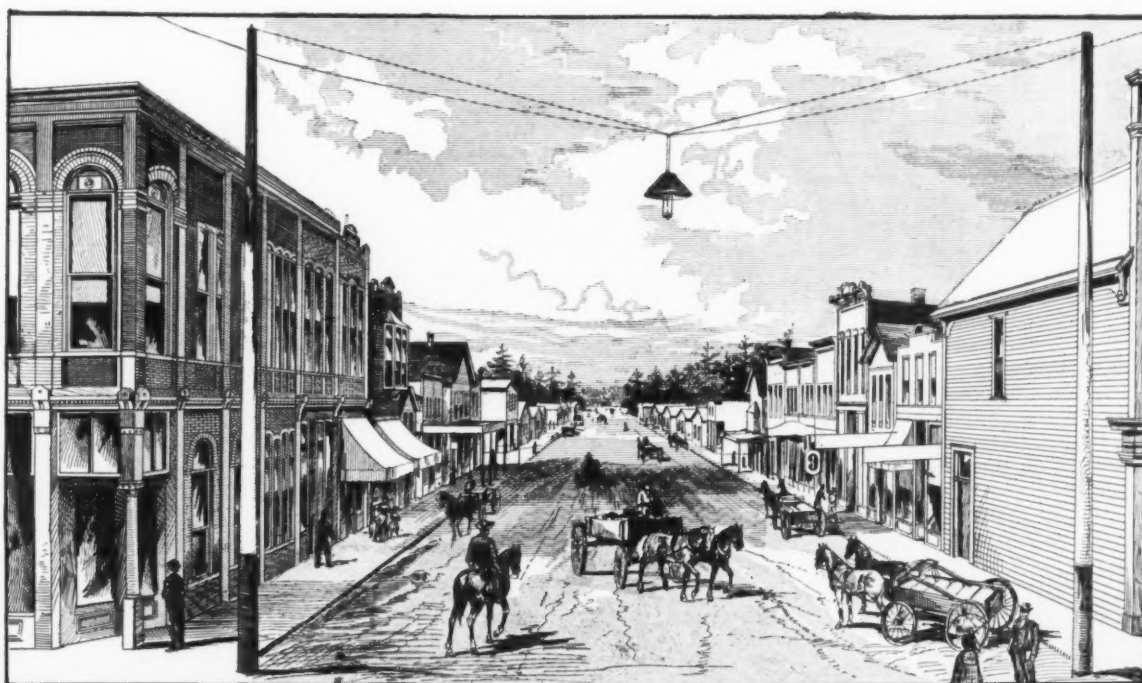
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to give the parties contemplating the ascent of Rainier some valuable pointers.—*Olympia, (W. T.) Standard*.

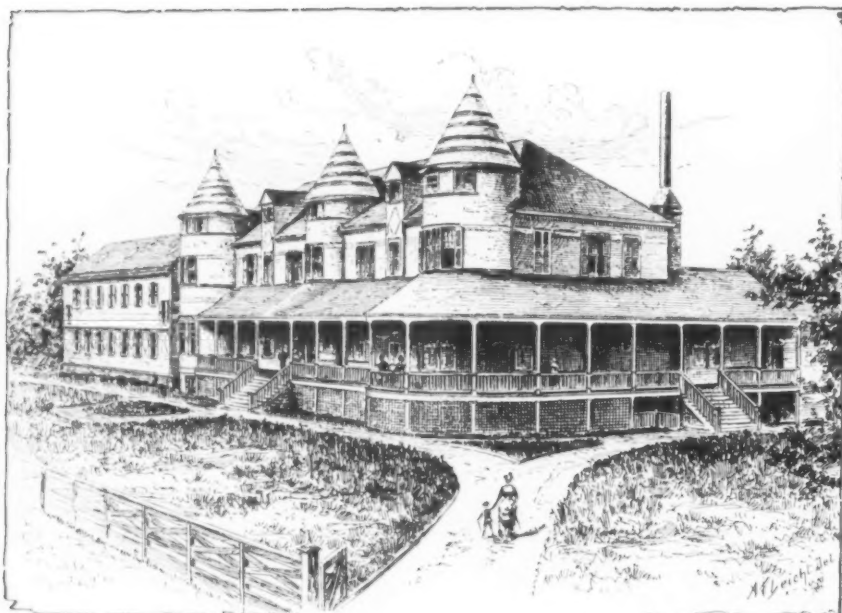
A CLOSE CHASE.

The fact that wolves have been known to stop pursuit at the sound of music has formed the basis of many a story. An entertaining tale comes from the north woods of Wisconsin. (It brings no credentials.)

R. C. Jopp, a school-teacher, being pursued by wolves, was so closely pressed that he had to throw away much of his clothing to make time. Soon the wild beasts were right at his heels, and destruction seemed but a moment lagging, when of a sudden School-master Jopp recalled the fact that hanging by a string at his waist was a tin horn he had been carrying for sport. He raised it and blew; the wolves came to a sudden halt. He blew again; they retreated. Then he hastened away anew, and those wolves kept up their chase, stopping only at the blasts of that tin horn, till he safely reached his destination.



BRAINERD.—VIEW ON SIXTH STREET.—[From a sketch by Krause.]



BRainerd.—SANITARIUM OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE GREAT LAKES.

A chart of the great lakes, accompanied by a pamphlet, showing fluctuations in the water level, rain-fall areas, tides, etc., has just been published. Stating its object the pamphlet says: All accurate knowledge of the rise and fall of the great lakes from other causes than by winds is of importance to all interested in their navigation, and to owners and occupants of property adjacent thereto. The rapid development of the grain-growing district west of the head of Lake Superior, and the iron mines on the north and south shores of the lake, having occurred during a period of high water, has stimulated the building of vessels of deeper draft and larger capacity than prevailed a few years ago." It is also shown that the widespread anxiety of vessel owners and people living on the great lakes regarding the possibility of a subterranean outlet to the upper lakes and giving this as an explanation of the fall of a foot in Lake Superior, is totally unfounded. An article written by General Poe, than whom certainly no one has more accurate sources of knowledge regarding the lakes, states that "there is no indication anywhere that the waters in the lakes have mysteriously fallen. Continent observations made since 1838 show the level to have fluctuated within a less limit than six feet, and that these fluctuations were due to greater or less rainfall. It may be considered a fact established that the lakes are simply great pools forming part of the course of a river beginning at the headwaters of the St. Louis in Minnesota and ending at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and that they confirm to all laws governing the rise and fall of rivers."

While indeed these are almost incontrovertible proofs that Lake Superior had at one time an outlet distinct from the Sault St. Mary that outlet has probably long since been closed.

The pamphlet further states that "while the water surface of all the lakes except Superior was above the normal or mean level between 1882 and 1887, that lake was below, and it seems probable that for several years there will be a rise in Superior and a fall in the others," a fact interesting to owners of the largest

class of lake vessels. The discharge of Lake Superior is 86,000 cubic feet per second and the mean depth of the lake is 475 feet, while its greatest known depth is 1,008 feet, making it 406 feet below the level of the ocean.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

"Dupely" Dodge, a once famous gambler is dead. He never cheated except when he met a sharper, "Say, stranger," one of these smart Alecks, who had a confederate with him, once said to Mr. Dodge on a Mississippi steamboat, "just help me out with a hand. Your church will never know it, and a few lessons in the game will never hurt your soul." They were deceived by his sanctimonious air, and evidently mistook him for a Methodist preacher. "Dupely" made some inquiries about the game and then took a seat at the table just to "oblige" them. Pretty soon the smart Aleck began putting up the cards on the guileless-looking stranger, and Mr. Dodge, noticing it, quietly stowed away an ace in his sleeve and awaited developments. He always liked to catch a sharper in his own trap. At the proper time the man who had proposed posed the game dealt "Dupely" three aces and took

four kings unto himself. The betting was steep and the sharper was led to the end of his rope.

"What have you got?" he asked as he threw down four kings.

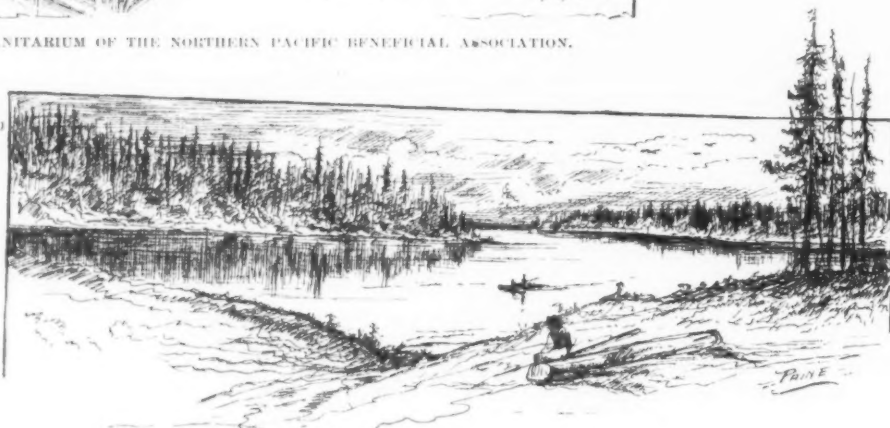
"Four aces," was "Dupely's" plea of guilty.

"You have, have you, you priestly cripple; and you have my money, haven't you?"

"I have," answered "Dupely."

"Damn your eyes," said the sharper.

'Amen,' was the pious ejaculation of the old sport as he took the wad and put it out of sight.



GILBERT LAKE, NEAR BRainerd.



BRainerd.—PUMPING STATION AND ELECTRIC POWER HOUSE.

PORTLAND IN SPRINGTIME.

PORTLAND, OREGON, May 26, 1888.

My residence of a few months in Portland has been one of constant delight and surprise. Coming, as I did, from the vigors of mid-winter into the balmy air of spring, almost at a bound, as it were, I was so forcibly reminded of the contrast between the Pacific Coast and the entire region from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, that I am not likely ever to forget it. For weeks, even months, I reveled in delightful spring weather, and with that telegraph informing me of cold waves and blizzards, of snow and ice, in my former home, I watched the opening of bud and flower, saw the fruit trees burst into their bloom of white and red, and heard the cheerful voices of early summer birds, as they hopped from branch to branch of the profusion of shade trees which line the streets of this beautiful city. Already (the second week in May) spring is past and summer is upon us. The lilacs have long since disappeared, and the beautiful snowballs, whose masses of white have appealed to my eye for admiration from hundreds of well-kept lawns, have given way to roses. And such roses! The yards of the rich and poor alike are a mass of bloom; carnation, yellow, pink, cardinal, flesh, saffron, and all the glorious hues assumed by that queen of flowers, greet me at every turn. The love of flowers, evidenced by their profusion and the attention given them, speaks of culture and refinement, and in my most pleasant intercourse with the people of Portland I have found them all that their beautiful yards had led me to believe. I assure you, it was a novel experience for me to see lawn mowers in active operation in March, and to behold the Portlander in April nightly handle his garden hose with all the care and apparent enjoyment the resident of Chicago or Cincinnati would display in June or July. This matter of lawn is the Portlander's pride and one of the chief glories of this most delightful climate. The sight of green grass is not absent from the eye from one year's end to another, save, perhaps, during a few days in January or February, when the ground is covered by a light fall of snow. It is only a few weeks in the entire year that the services of the lawn mower are not required to keep in trim the constantly growing grass. This perennial green sward, with almost constantly blooming flowers, offers an opportunity for beautiful lawns and pleasure grounds, of which the people of Oregon's metropolis have not been slow to avail themselves.

In the matter of shade trees, the streets and grounds of private residences appeal strongly to every Eastern man, be he a resident of the Mississippi valley, the Middle States, or of far New England. In California he sees the ubiquitous eucalyptus and others less familiar to his eye, less beautiful in form and color than those of his native forests, filling him with a sense of loneliness; but in Oregon, and especially in the umbrageous streets of Portland, he is greeted by the familiar foliage of his childhood, by the graceful elm, the leafy maple, the sweet-scented locust, and the glistening poplar. I have been particularly im-

pressed with the multitude of fruit trees growing in the yards surrounding the residences. Cherry trees of enormous size and wide-spreading branches now appeal almost strongly to the eye, as their burden is already displaying the rich tints of the ripening fruit. Pears, apples, peaches and plums hang from the boughs of thousands of trees in an abundance that promises a crop of unusual magnitude,

nights, with the air kept pure and invigorating by occasional seasons of warm and refreshing rain. Such was the spring through which I have just passed, and my earnest hope is that I may live long in this land to enjoy many another like it.—*Cor. Sauk Rapids, Minn., Sentinel.*

THE OKANOGAN COUNTRY, WASH. TER.

Many of the old timers who went to Cariboo, and who paid \$2.50 for a plate of bean soup with a few beans in it, and \$1 per pound for green grass for their horses, and proportionate prices for everything else, will remember the name of H. F. Smith, who has ever since 1861 been known as Okanogan Smith. Well, this gentleman was in North Yakima a few days ago, in attendance at the United States land office, proving up on his claim, and while doing so, the editor of the *Farmer* had a talk with him.

There are a good many remarkable things about the character of Mr. Smith. A green-horn would suppose that so far to the north of North Yakima, about 250 miles the way the road runs, the climate would be so frosty that it would be impossible for tender fruits and vegetables to thrive. But Mr. Smith observed that the altitude above sea level was only 750 feet, and that Osooyoos Lake being one mile wide, ten miles long and very deep, like all large bodies of water, had a tendency to moderate the climate and that other local conditions were also favorable to a comparatively mild climate. So that when he was elected to the legislature in 1864, and after sitting the term out as a member of the law makers at Olympia, he excited the surprise and ridicule of his friends when he told them the succeeding spring that he intended to take enough on his horse from Olympia through the densely wooded region of Western Washington, across the rugged Cascade Mountains, and over the wild country beyond, to set out an orchard. His acquaintances supposed he was joking, but he really meant it, and he selected 100 small scions with roots. These he carefully packed in his saddle bags and on arrival at his destination he set them out at his camp one and a half miles south of the British line. They consisted of apples, peaches, pears, nectarines, prunes, apricots, plums, etc., and from these he obtained a start for the large and flourishing orchard at his place. He says that he is satisfied that he has at least 100 bushels of strawberries ripe. He keeps a store there and both the American and British governments maintain custom houses where the boundary line crosses the Lake Osooyoos. It is generally understood that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will build a branch road from its main line, up the Spillamasheen River 150 miles to Lake Osooyoos, where it is expected that a branch from the Northern Pacific will make connection with it.

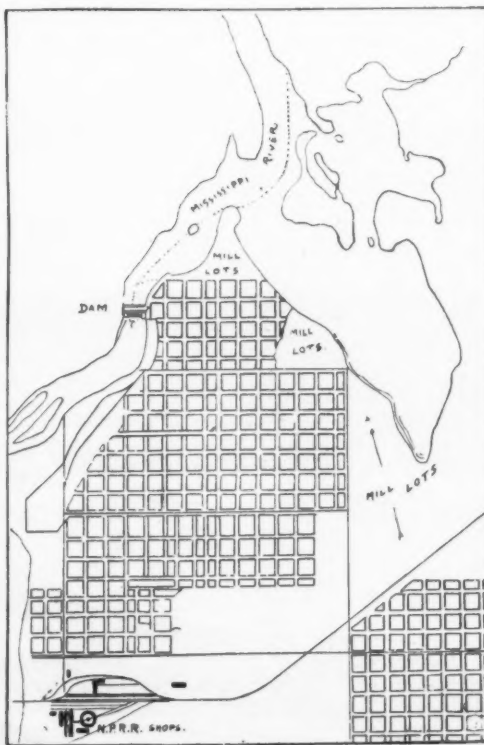
The Okanogan River has its source in British America. It flows through Lake Osooyoos to the Columbia River, and along its course are now being developed vast deposits of rich gold, silver, copper and galena ores. Mines have been worked on the Similkameen for many years. Directly south of that district is Mt. Chopaca, with its



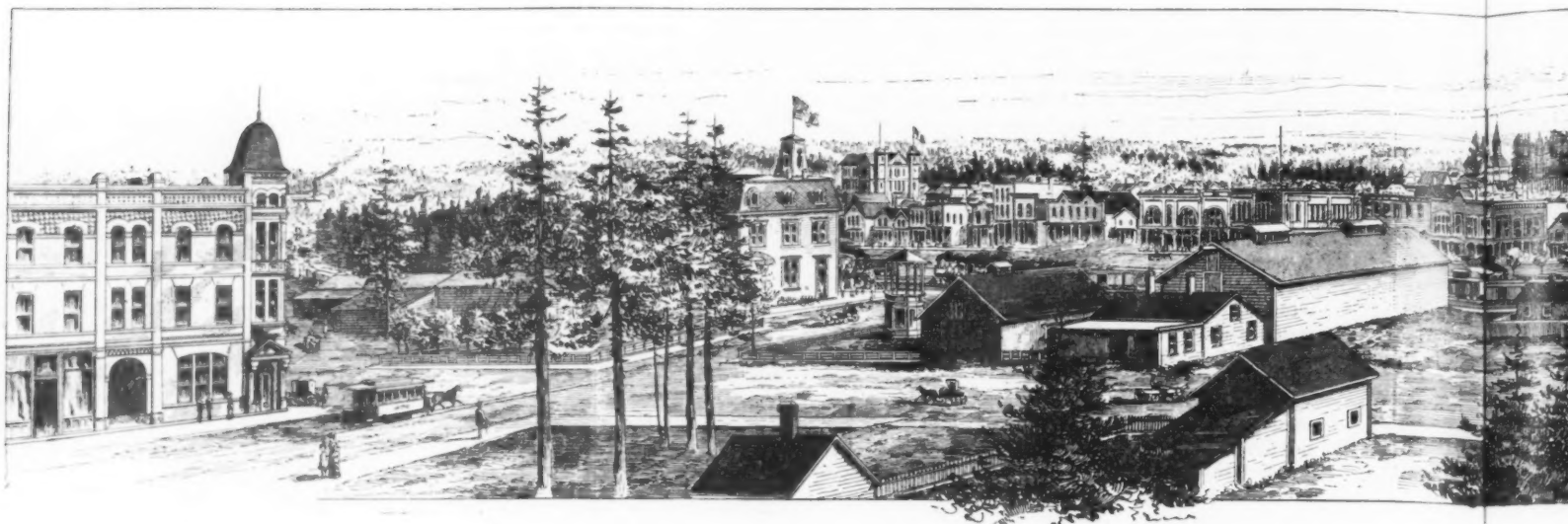
BRainerd.—A VIEW OF RICE LAKE, THE GREAT STORAGE RESERVOIR FOR LOGS ABOVE THE DAM.

even in this land so prolific in nature's bounties.

As I said at first, spring has given way to summer, after holding its own for nearly three months. Think of it, you who like myself, have been accustomed to but from two to three weeks of genuine spring weather; think of a vernal season extending over a period of three months, a season of bud and blossom, of leafing trees and blossoming fruit, of wild flowers and cultivated bloom, of clean, dry, streets and good roads, of sunny, cheerful days and cool, refreshing



MAP OF EAST BRainerd, SHOWING THE DAM, STORAGE LAKE AND MILL SITES.



BRAINERD, MINNESOTA, "THE CITY OF THE PINES."—VIEW FROM THE

valuable mineral deposits, and three miles south of that is the Wannicut Lake district. Wannicut Lake is one-fourth to one-half mile wide by three miles long, and its waters are said to be strongly impregnated with epsom salts. Five hundred locations have recently been made near its shores. This lake is only two and a half miles from Similkameen River, where there are excellent waterpower and mill sites for operating machinery for reducing the ores. The ores here are mostly gold. The owners of the Jessie and Triune mines are sinking a shaft and sacking ore to ship by pack animal. Mr. Smith owns the Ellameham Lode or Mount Ellameham and he has a force of men running a tunnel to develop it. Ellameham is the Indian word for chief. Wannicut lake is thirty miles north of Ruby City. Two and a half miles north of the lake is situated the War Eagle claim, which was sold last week to Minneapolis parties for \$30,000.

Mr. Smith has great confidence in the Okanogan country, and thinks that in the near future large and flourishing camps will be maintained.—*Washington Farmer*.

THE NOOKSACK VALLEY, W. T.

The famous and fertile valley of the Nooksack in Western Washington, is about fifty miles in length by twelve in width. The Nooksack River, which gives the name to the valley, has its source in the foothills of the Cascades, and flowing in a general southwesterly direction, empties into Bellingham Bay. It is swift-flowing and somewhat tortuous, and yet an easily navigable river for vessels of considerable tonnage thirty-five or forty miles from its mouth.

The various soils comprised in the valley of the Nooksack are of marvelous fertility, and finely and equally adapted to a wide diversity of crops, grains, grasses, fruits, vegetables, hops and tobacco. The land lies either entirely level or else gently undulating, and is covered with a growth of timber of greater or lesser density, consisting of fir, cedar, hemlock, maple, cottonwood, spruce, alder, birch, and a little yew. Of these various kinds of timber, fir and cedar are probably of the most commercial value, the former being almost universally used for building material, ship

building, bridge making, etc., while the cedar has no superior as a finishing material and as material for shingles, posts, etc., etc. The spruce is also of much value with construction and manufacture of certain articles. Much of the land covered by this timber is quite easily cleared and prepared for cultivation, notably, that covered with a vine maple and alder growth, the former of which is very light and easily handled. The latter is of a somewhat larger growth but is an exceedingly soft wood so that the stumps will readily rot out in two years time.

The cost of clearing ranges from ten to fifteen dollars per acre for the land covered with vine maple and alder, to forty, fifty and a hundred dollars, where it is covered with a dense growth of fir, cedar and spruce. Hundreds and thousands of acres of these marvellously fertile lands are lying in their virgin wildness in the valley of the Nooksack, waiting for homeseekers to come and possess, reclaim and subdue and fashion into beautiful and prosperous homes for themselves and their children.

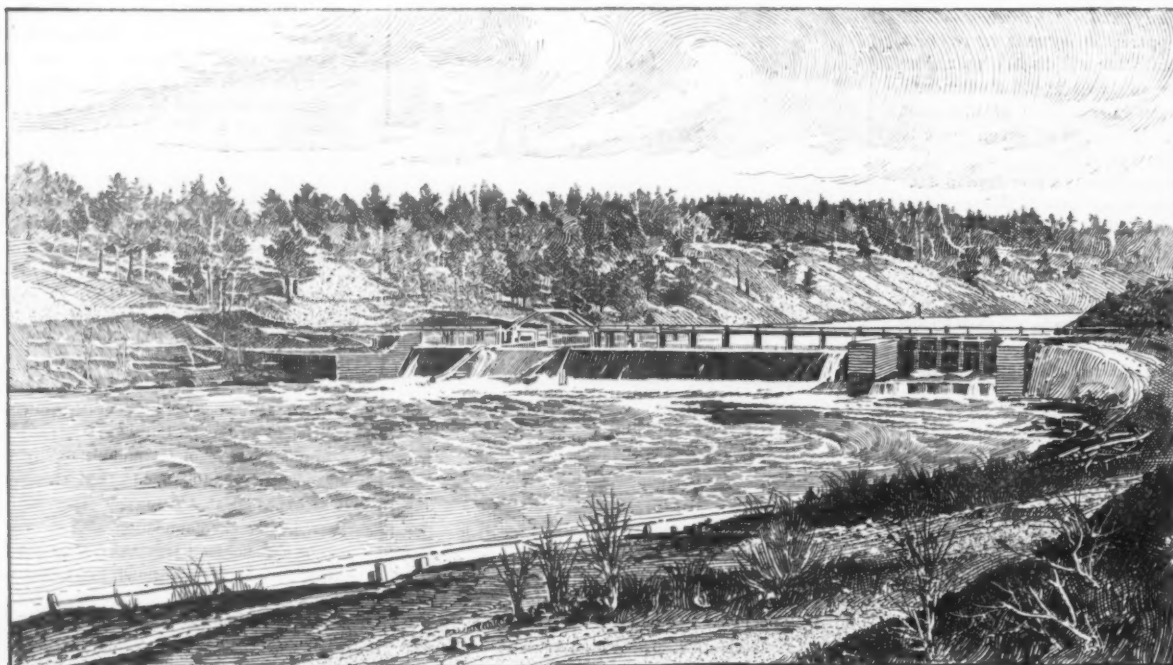
From ten to twenty acres in the valley of the Nooksack brought to a high state of cultivation, and with three or four acres devoted to fruits—which is destined soon to be a source of great profit—a few acres in meadow, and the remainder devoted to root crops, will make a family a comfortable living, with something to lay up

against a rainy day. Indeed many families are now making a more comfortable living off from twenty acres well tilled than many men are making off from forty, eighty or one hundred and sixty acres in Illinois.

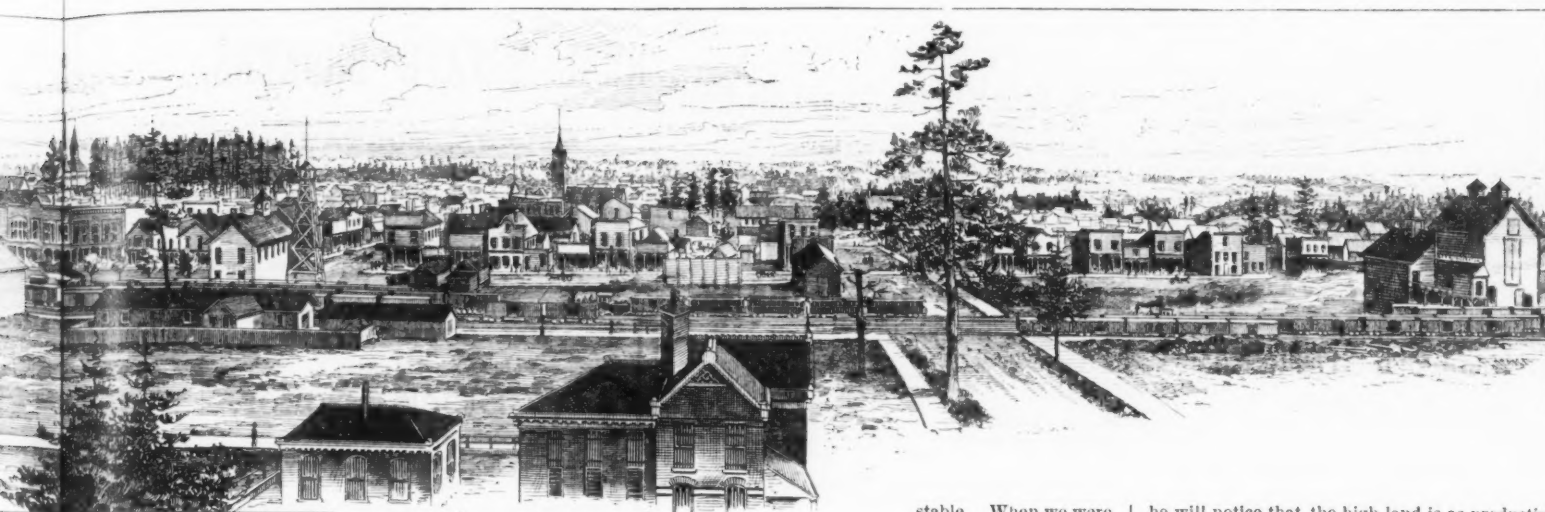
Such a thing as a crop failure is a thing absolutely unknown here, while fuel in inexhaustible quantities can be had for the taking.

AN OREGON AMAZON.

The jar of heavy feet was heard. Some young horses came down a steep hill at full run. Behind was a reckless, rapid rider. The loose stock dashed past. The horse that bore the rider was tossing his head madly and slinging white foam in flakes from his mouth. He was a rearing, restless, heavy built, regulation broncho, but it was remarked that he was well under control, for he seemed to be fairly lifted from side to side by the reins at the will of the rider, who



THE BRAINERD WATER POWER.—VIEW BELOW THE DAM.—[From a photo by Haynes.



VIEW FROM THE COURT HOUSE.—[From a sketch by Ernst L. Krause.]

drew up to our resting place. We stared in a way that was not mannerly, even in the wilds of Oregon. The rider of the restless pony was a young girl. She waited with embarrassment for us to tell our errand.

"Who lives here?" we asked.

"I do," she replied, in a tone that did not make us feel any more at home.

"Whose garden is this?" was the next question.

"Mine."

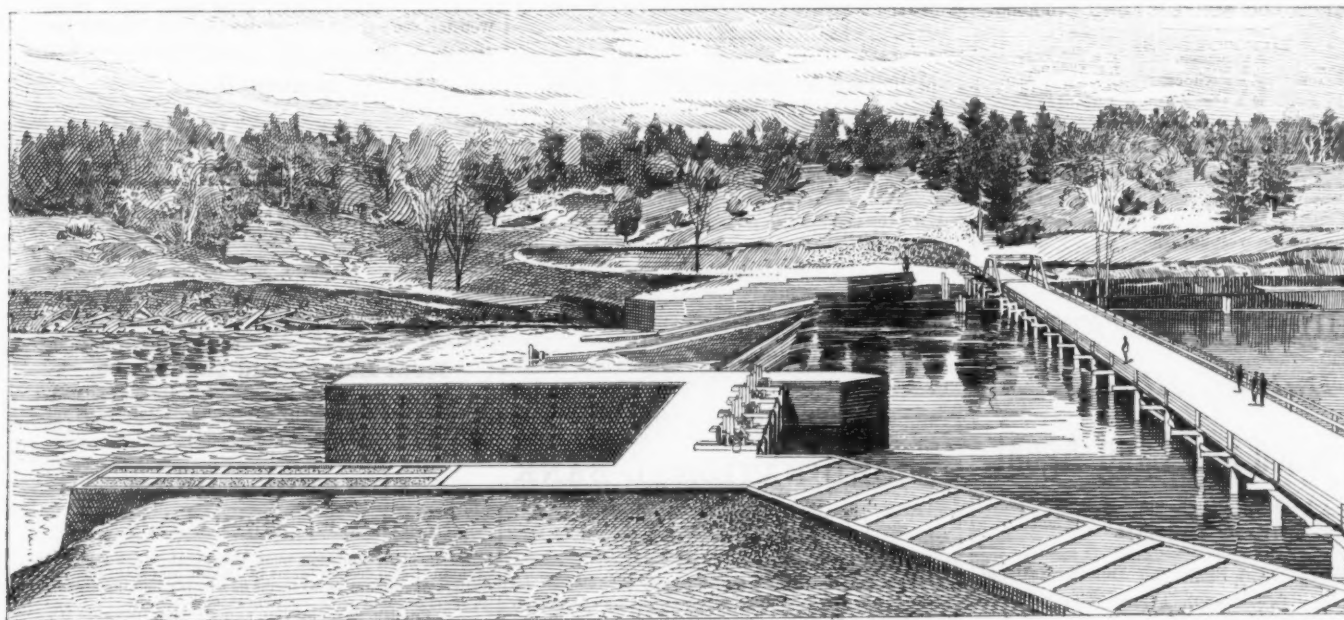
After a pause she added:

"Can I do anything for you, gentlemen?"

was at each window. We were greatly surprised to learn that our hostess was a half breed. In her features or actions we had observed not one trace of the Indian. Her demeanor was modest, while at the same time she was fully imbued with that Western liberality that allows no man to pass without an invitation to partake of a meal or night's lodging. We bade her good-bye reluctantly, and continued our hunt, thinking how much more appropriate such grace and such wealth would be in the circles of society than on the back of a broncho.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

stable. When we were within a rod of the door we both darted with surprise. A repulsive, sullen, scowling Indian

he will notice that the high land is as productive and sometimes even more so than the flats. For miles and miles around Garfield, the hilltops, sides and the bottom lands are all under cultivation, indifferently, it is true, but the yield runs on an average forty bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of oats on either soil. Though the country is not more than one-tenth under cultivation, yet they shipped 300,000 bushels of wheat from this point. So you can form an estimate of what the total product of the valley will be when fully subjected to intelligent culture. Near Garfield is the Palouse River, from which the valley takes its name. It is a narrow, deep stream, and rises in the mountains of Idaho and flows west to the Columbia. It furnishes excellent transportation for logs from the mountains to the sawmills along the banks, which



THE BRAINERD WATER POWER.—VIEW ABOVE THE DAM.—[From a photo by Haynes.]

"Well, well, no," was about the only intelligible answer at command.

"Will you come to the house?" she added: "it is near dinner time."

As she rode before we looked upon a graceful rider, a well rounded, neat figure, a brunette, with the languid beauty so much admired in the Castilian women, clad in coarse, strong, short skirts, below which showed a small boot and a keen, bright spur. Her rich saddle was new, strong and double rigged. Her horse had not stopped at the gate till she sprang to the ground. My companion stepped forward with a Chesterfield bow, but too late to assist her. She asked us to go to the house while she led her horse to the

THE PALOUS VALLEY, W. T.

The Palouse Valley is of volcanic origin. It is a series of hills and "flats," as they are called here, that is little valleys and pieces of flat land through which the inevitable one or two streams flow. As you drive around the hillside and enter one of these flats you seem as though cut off from the rest of the world. There seems no exit and even the place where you entered is soon lost to view. An Eastern farmer would naturally think that only the flats and low lands are fit for cultivation, but as he drives through the country

means, of course, cheap lumber for building purposes.—*Cor. Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

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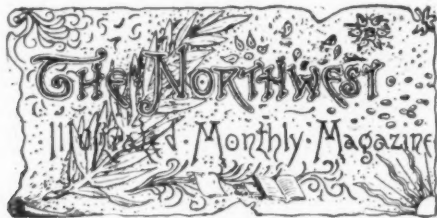
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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JULY, 1888.

MONTANA'S PRECIOUS METAL OUTPUT.

Spruille Braden, Superintendent of the Government Assay Office at Helena, has transmitted to the Treasury Department at Washington information concerning the value of the precious metal output of Montana by counties for the calendar year 1887. He figures the gold at \$20.67 and the silver at \$1.2929, the latter purely for the purpose of comparison. The system of computing silver adds about thirty-five per cent. to the value which it realizes in the markets, which amount should be deducted in order to arrive at the saleable value of the metal. Following is the silver and gold production by counties of the Territory for the year named upon the above basis:

Silver Bow.....	\$9,983,148 38
Heavenshead.....	956,562 98
Choteau.....	22,771 74
Deer Lodge.....	5,464,473 80
Fergus.....	85,539 06
Jefferson.....	1,791,880 72
Gallatin.....	10,229 82
Lewis & Clarke.....	3,699,601 01
Madison.....	1,518,383 87
Meagher.....	107,381 26
Missoula.....	141,808 01
Park.....	4,013 38

Total.....\$23,790,085 23

Of the above the value of the gold was \$5,978,536.-28. Copper and lead are not included. It is a pity that these two important items in the total of Montana's mineral wealth could not be added.

A GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE.

The completion of the Northern Pacific bridge over the Columbia River, between Pasco and Kennewick, is an event only second in importance in the development of the traffic system of Washington to the opening of the Stampede Tunnel through the Cascade Mountains. This bridge, opened to the regular passage of trains early in June, makes an unbroken rail route from the East to Puget Sound. The transfer of trains by boat across the Columbia was a tedious and expensive operation and the capacity of the boat was limited so that the company was hampered in its freight operations. It was impossible to transfer as many cars of coal as could have been marketed in Eastern Washington, and efforts to transport wheat to Tacoma had to be limited to the work the boat could do after handling the passenger trains and the general freight business. The ferriage over the mighty Columbia was a pleasant experience to travelers, and a chat in the pilot house of the steamer *Frederick Billings* with Capt. Gray was an interesting

episode in the trans-continental journey; but the work of getting the whole traffic of a great railroad across a river, five or six cars at a time, was by no means an easy job for the railroad men. With both the tunnel and the bridge completed the Northern Pacific is in a position to handle all the business bound to or from the Sound which it can get, and the revenue of its Washington divisions will be greatly augmented. The only ferry transfer now remaining on the entire Northern Pacific system is that across the Lower Columbia on the line between Portland and Tacoma. For that transfer a huge boat is provided which takes an entire passenger train on board and sets it across the stream while the passengers are at dinner. The river is so wide at the transfer point, and the obstacle of a bridge to navigation would be so serious that the present mode of transit is not likely to be changed.

THE BITTER ROOT VALLEY.

The construction of a railroad from Missoula to Skalkaho, a distance of about fifty miles, has made accessible to travelers and to settlers seeking homes in Western Montana, one of the most beautiful, and perhaps the most productive, of the Rocky Mountain Valleys. The Bitter Root Valley is about 100 miles long, with a width, from one mountain range to the other, of from five to fifteen miles. It is drained by the Bitter Root River and by numerous swift, cold trout streams heading in the mountains. Its elevation above the sea-level is about 3,000 feet, and this comparatively low altitude, together with its situation west of the Main Divide of the Rockies, gives it a mild winter and an early spring, and makes it a fruit country. No other extensive valley in Montana has this advantage. Apples are as sure a crop as in Michigan and plums, pears, cherries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries and gooseberries are raised without any difficulty.

The valley is everywhere well-watered and all the farms are irrigated. The numerous small streams, and the gentle slopes of the land from the foot-hills to the river make navigation easy, and with water under the farmers own control he need have no apprehension of a short crop. All the creeks are fringed with belts of alder and cottonwood and the mountain sides are covered with pine. Timber for feed and fencing is therefore abundant—a very important advantage for settlers. The foot-hills on both sides of the valley are covered with bunch grass, which, as everyone knows who is at all familiar with the far West, makes both summer and winter pasturage for cattle and horses. Most of the land on the foot-hills is open, unclaimed range, free to every man's stock. Settlers fence in as much land as they wish to cultivate in grain, and also meadows for hay, and turn their stock out in the open country near their homesteads.

The scenery of the valley is exceedingly beautiful. On the west the rugged peaks of the Bitter Root Range rise above the clouds to an altitude of from 9,000 to 11,000 feet, almost twice the height of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, and more than twice as high as the Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania. The forest on their slopes shelter bear and elk and give ample scope for the hunter's prowess. If he has the hardihood to mount to the crags above the timberline he has a chance to bring down one of those shy and rare animals, the Rocky Mountain goat, which is as daring a climber as the Swiss Chamois. On the eastern side of the valley the mountains are less abrupt, and the grassy foot-hills reach much further up before they meet the dark pine forests. Game birds abound and the eddies of every swift stream are haunts of trout.

This lovely valley will soon fill up with farmers and stock-raisers, now that its products can go to market by rail. It has been thinly settled for years; in fact its beauty and fertility led to its occupancy by a few hundred adventurous frontiersmen long before the Northern Pacific railroad was built across Montana. Its present accessibility will be certain to attract a class of settlers with means to make the

most of its remarkable advantages for pleasant and healthful living. Besides its agricultural resources, it has numerous veins of silver ore which have waited for development until transportation should be cheapened by the construction of a railroad. Now that the road is built for half the length of the valley and is soon to go on to its head, mining enterprise is actively progressing with fair prospects for the growth of two or three important mining towns.

Tourists and settlers who wish to see the Bitter Root Valley should leave the main line of the Northern Pacific at Missoula and go up the branch road to its present terminus. They will find themselves on historic ground. The Lewis and Clarke expedition came down this valley in 1806, and going up the Lo-Lo Creek crossed the Bitter Root Range to the headwaters of the Clearwater River, which flows into the Snake at Lewiston, Idaho. The mission of St. Mary at Stevensville is the oldest of the Jesuit Missions in the Rocky Mountains, having been established in 1847. Here it was that the noble Italian priest, physician and philanthropist, Father Ravalli died in 1884, after a lifetime of earnest and self-denying labor devoted to the welfare of the Indians.

NO LEASE AFTER ALL.

When Henry Villard sailed for Europe, about two months ago, it seemed definitely arranged that the Union Pacific was to share its lease of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's properties with the Northern Pacific. The Union had long urged this upon the Northern and Eastern stockholders of the O. R. and N. were in favor of the plan. The joint lease was formerly voted through the boards of the two pacific companies. Then the Oregon resident directors stood out, and at their instance, backed by the public sentiment of Portland, an Oregon judge enjoined the joint lease as contrary to a State statute forbidding a combination of competing lines. Nevertheless it was thought that the injunction would not long stand and that at the approaching election new Oregon directors would be chosen by the Eastern stockholders favorable to the lease. Villard was to be made President of the Transcontinental Company, which holds a controlling power in the O. R. and N. stock, and also President of the O. R. and N.

Only a small part of this programme was carried out. New forces were brought to bear to defeat the joint lease. President Elijah Smith, who had all along been hostile to it appears to have won over President Adams, of the Union Pacific and the U. P. board rescinded its action. The Transcontinental Company elected a new board at Portland, on June 18th, and Villard was chosen its president, but the old board had the right to cast the vote of the O. R. and N. stock held by the company at the election of the latter corporation, held on the same day. This stock was voted for the old O. R. and N. board, and Smith was again chosen president. If not dead beyond resurrection the joint lease is certainly dormant for a year and a policy of competition will be pursued in Oregon and Washington by the Union and Northern Companies. New branches are being built for the O. R. and N. in the territory north of Snake River, conceded by the lease to be the sole territory of the Northern Pacific—one to the Coeur d'Alene mines from Farmington and one from a point west of Colfax to Spokane Falls by way of Oakesdale and Rockford. On the other hand the two roads being constructed by George W. Hunt, from Wallula to Centerville and Pendleton and from Wallula through Eureka Flat to Walla Walla, are regarded as invasions of Union Pacific territory in the interest of the Northern. The latter company is also preparing to put steamboats on the Columbia River and the Snake River to bring grain to its road at Pasco.

Competitive railway building may not be a good thing for the stockholders of the two Pacific companies, but it will undoubtedly hasten the development of Washington and Eastern Oregon. How the failure of the lease is regarded by the Northern Pacific management is shown by the following ex-

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 15 BROAD STREET,
NEW YORK, June 4, 1888. }

	1886-7.	1887-8.	Increases
Miles: Main Line			
and Branches...	2,802.07	3,276.56	384.49
Month of May....	\$1,049,217.55	\$1,527,087.00	\$477,869.45
July 1st to " 31,	11,640,346.16	14,225,989.36	2,585,643.20

R. L. BELKNAP, Treasurer.

tract from an interview with Vice President Oakes in the Tacoma Ledger:

Mr. Oakes—"The interests of the railroad companies would doubtless have been promoted by the consummation of the joint lease which would have secured peace and harmony, and no part of the country would have suffered. With the joint lease each company could have extended, under favorable circumstances and conditions, its system in the territory allotted to it, and both companies would have done so, for the necessary means, with harmony assured, could have been obtained on easy and advantageous terms; while with a war threatening it will be difficult to obtain money, and roads will be constructed more with a view to strike the enemy a blow than with a view to the development of the Territory. In the end producers and consumers are never benefitted by a rate war and roads constructed under a war policy. However, if the war is in store for us, the Northern Pacific railroad is in a better position to live through it than its rivals. With the same amount of money which its rivals will have to expend in order to invade our territory and get business there, we can strike the rival line in the very heart of the region in which it gets the bulk of its traffic and the largest part of its earnings. On the other hand our earnings in the territory open to invasion by the enemy have so far been very light. Then we have the advantage of possessing a better built main line, more uniform grades, cheaper fuel and lower ocean freights at Tacoma than the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has down the Columbia River and at Portland."

A NEW ERA FOR MANITOBA.

Before the first of September the track will be laid on the Red River Valley Railroad from Winnipeg to the international boundary near Pembina, where a junction is made with the Duluth & Manitoba branch of the Northern Pacific. The new line up the valley from Winnipeg is built by direct action of the Manitoba Provincial Government, which after a long struggle has won a victory over the Canadian Pacific monopoly. The victory is an expensive one for the Canadian people as a whole, however, for they are compelled to ransom Manitoba from the grasp of the great corporation, buying for that province from the C. P. Company the right to develop her own transportation system. Manitoba was bound hand and foot. She could build no railroads to or near the American boundary without the consent of the Canadian Pacific, which consent was always sharply refused. It was useless to build roads elsewhere within her territory because they could have no outlet or connection save with the lines of the monopoly company, which could easily freeze them out and absorb them. Relief could only come from the American side of the boundary. Population was leaving the Province faster than energetic immigration efforts could bring in new settlers. A year ago the Northern Pacific management extended one of their branches from Grand Forks, Dakota, to meet the Provincial road at the boundary. The Province graded its line in spite of threats and legal obstacles from the Canadian Pacific, but could not sell its bonds to buy rails and finish the road as long as the C. P.'s monopoly held good in law. Recently the C. P. consented to give up its charter right to prohibit the building of roads other than its own near the international boundary, in return for a large amount of money to be paid by the Dominion Government. The result is the dawn of a new era for Manitoba. Not only will the Red River Valley road be completed and a new outlet opened for Manitoba products to Duluth and to St. Paul and Minneapolis, but other lines will soon be built to develop the vast fertile plain lying west of the valley. One of these new roads will run from Emerson, just north of the boundary, to Portage La Prairie, where it will connect with the Manitoba Northwestern, a road independent of the Canadian Pacific. Another will probably be built nearly due west from Emerson, a little north of the boundary. Both Emerson and Pembina will be greatly benefitted by these new roads.

The whole Province of Manitoba will take a fresh start. Manitoba has a long, cold winter, but the land is rich and in the short growing season wheat comes to perfection and it yields a larger and surer crop than in regions having a milder climate. She can now renew her efforts to attract settlers from the older provinces of the Dominion and from the northern countries of Europe, with the assurance that she can offer them such favorable conditions for living as will induce them to stay within her borders.

TROUSERS CUT IN ABORIGINE STYLE.

Persons familiar with the Indian are well aware of his utter repugnance to the style of pants worn by his white brother. If a pair of brand new, first class, ten dollar pants is given to an Indian the first thing he does is to cut out the most important part and leave only a pair of full-length leggings which he proceeds to put on and attach to his belt by a string.

For some days past a camp of Flathead Indians have been in the neighborhood of Helena taking in the sights of the metropolis. It appears that a buck with his two wives made an important discovery in the dry goods stores of that city which is liable to cause a revolution in the attire of the noble red man. The *Helena Independent* describes the scene graphically in the following words:

The squaws darted across the street and entered a dry goods store, emerging shortly with a brown paper parcel and handed it to their liege lord. The parcel was unwrapped and the contents examined—a pair of woman's unmentionables.

They were tucked, hem-stitched, scalloped, cut bias, ruffled, fluted, garnished and filled in with honiton lace.

The buck, casting his blankets upon the sidewalk, drew them on, girded them at the waist to an old army belt, then turned himself around three times for his squaws to pass their opinion on the fit.

They must have suited as several Indian feminine shrieks of delight fluttered on the air.

The buck was satisfied. He marched ahead with a rapid stride, about ten paces in advance, carrying his blanket on his arm, occasionally casting a look behind at his squaws, who were in a dog trot, to see if they sufficiently admired him. They evidently did, for they were smiling.

The last seen of the degenerate savage he was striding up the gulch with his faithful squaw at his heels.

DIDN'T LIKE HIS LOOKS.

"Um! Yes! Singular!" he said, as he stood at the cashier's desk in the restaurant and felt in his pockets.

"Been robbed, I suppose," sneered the cashier.

"Perhaps. Let's see! Did I change my pantaloons?"

"Oh, of course."

"I guess I did and left all my money in the other pair."

"Say, that's too old to go down here, mister? I want sixty cents."

"Yes, yes; but, you see—"

"I see a dead-beat who'll get a good kicking if he doesn't hand over the cash!"

"Mercy! but you don't take me for a dead-beat, I hope."

"Sixty cents!"

"But I've left my money—"

"Sixty cents or you get the bounce!"

"I'll go out and borrow it."

"Oh, no! Hand it over or the kicker will take charge of you!"

"Let's see! Did I change my clothes? Yes, I did. But—"

"No buts about it. I want sixty cents!"

"But I must have slipped some money in my hind pocket. Ah! so I did and here it is." And he fished up a great wad, tossed the cashier a \$50 bill, and while waiting for his change shook hands with two bankers and drew his check for \$5,000 to settle a real estate transaction.

The cashier is still in bed, and the doctor says it is a very serious case.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A ROMANCE OF THE MINES.

Yes, sir, this is the top of the Rockies;
And often I've heard it asserted
That the water what falls on your right hand
Some day will flow into the ocean.

The Pacific, I think, is its name, sir,
And it's somewhere off yonder in Chiny.
While that which drops over on this side
Is checked right through to New Orleans.

As a gyurl who wuz up hyar last summer
Remarked to her parent, the Gln'rl,
That cloud just over our heads, thar'
May be tossed from its mate by a zephyr.

And ultimately land in the ocean;
While another puff of that zephyr
May send its mate down to the tropics,
Several miles in another direction.

Now, that fits my case to a T, sir;
Likewise that of Hamilton Hawkins.
Ham and I kem hyar from Missouri,
And struck a pay lead in the sixties.

We sould out our claim to advantage,
And went into Denver in fine shape,
With sixteen thousand in treasure,
Which the Belle of Pike County had brought us.

'Twas an evening in June, I remember,
When the stage rolled us into the city;
And the town had most emptied itself
On the streets that led into the plaza.

While in front of the Gold-Dust Theater
A band was a tootin' and bangin',
And a frail little gyurl with a cornet
Gave me a shy look and I wilted.

That was always the way—I could never
Keep my wits among women and whisky.
While, Ham—oh, well, he'd have his fling, sir,
But he never forgot moderation.

On events that ensued, recollection
Don't appear to take a good grip, sir,
Till that slim little gyurl of the cornet
Appeared on the stage in the Gold-Dust.

She sang a sweet song about parting
From her love, in the bright days of spring-time,
When the meadows were green, and the blossoms
Were white on the trees in the orchard.

Then she came, with a smile and a greeting,
For Ham and for me, to our cubby.
But Ham he arose with emotion,
And said: "I am for home in the morning."

Then he looked unto me, as he asked, sir,
If I was prepared to go with him,
On the stage that rolled out in the morning
For Missou and the darlings behind us.

"Excuse me," I said, as Miss Allie
Dropped an arm upon my big shoulder—
"Excuse me," I said, "but I'm thinkin'
There's plenty of fun here in Denver."

"Oh, you darling," she said, "you're a jewel!
Just let this galoot go to thunder.
Who'd mosy along in Missouri,
When life is so free here in Denver?"

Oh, blue were her eyes, and her tresses
War' as sunny as corn silk in summer;
And she had a shy way like a maiden
That's fresh from the farm or the school room.

But she was decevin', I tell you,
For if ever a girl was a devil
I'm thinking that she was that creature—
Hell doesn't begin to express it.

And that's why I'm here on a grub-stake,
As poor as Job's turkey and poorer;
While Ham who went home to Missouri,
Is fixed in a comfortable living.

The song that we heard in the Gold-Dust
Sent him home to his Sue with a fortune,
While for me— * * * Go to h—l! You'r a jokin'—
Just wait till this faintness has left me.

Well, well! and Ham is your father?
And wants me back there in Missouri?
And Nancy's a widdie? and money
Is lyin' in bank to my credit?

And that ornary parcel of hill land
Is wuth fifty thousand gold dolyers,
Fer the coal and the lern that's in it?
And your dad's kept it free from the sheriff?

Young man, let's go hume to Missouri,
As fast as the cars can convey us;
And say, we'll stop over in Denver,
And I'll show you the sights of the city.

—N. W. Durlam in Portland Oregonian.

A. A. NEWBERY & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS,
Spokane Falls, Washington Territory.

Spokane Falls, the metropolis of Eastern Washington, has a water-power more extensive than that of Minneapolis, and is now the trading center of a rich agricultural district and a mining region containing the richest mineral deposits in the United States. Investments in Spokane Falls property, which can now be made at reasonable prices, are absolutely safe and pay enormous returns. We undertake investments for parties at distance, and invite correspondence.

We have some of the choicest business property in the heart of the city; acre tracts contiguous to the city, and manufacturing sites, with and without water-power, on our lists, and solicit correspondence and inquiry from Eastern parties.

Thousands of acres of choice agricultural land in the Palouse country and the Big Bend, improved and unimproved, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$15 an acre. Plats and prices of Northern Pacific Railroad lands in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

REFERENCES: { Traders National Bank, } Spokane Falls.
 { First National Bank, }

A. A. NEWBERY & CO.,
SPOKANE FALLS.

Buy Lots in Ross Second Addition to
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Fortunes were made by buying such lots near rapidly growing cities, as Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, etc. So will purchases near Seattle prove.
 We have for Sale a full line of choice

Timber, Coal and Iron Lands, Improved and Unimproved Farms,
Business and Residence Property, City and Suburban Acre Tracts.
Municipal and County Securities Bought. Loans Negotiated.

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BROKERS,

REFERENCES: First National Bank and Merchants National Bank of Seattle.

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Missoula Real Estate.

Business and Residence Property for Sale on Easy Terms.

Correspondence by mail solicited.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

E. A. KREIDLER,
 (Late Register United States Land Office). Land Lawyer. Deals in,
 Selects and Locates Government and Railroad Land.

FRED M. KREIDLER,
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MILES CITY, MONTANA,
REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK BROKERS AND LOANS.

Having been supplied by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., with plats and prices of its lands, we will give special attention to locating and buying Railroad Lands for Farms and Ranches between Billings and Fort Buford Reservation.

BUDA FOUNDRY & MANUFACTURING CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wood, Wheel, Hand and Push CARS, with Seamless Rolled Steel Tires,
 Switch Stands and Switch Fixtures. Pit Cars, Dump Cars, Iron Cars, etc.

BUDA,

Chicago Office, 607 PHENIX BUILDING.

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Favorite Summer Resort of the Park Region,

HOTEL MINNESOTA,

JOHN K. WEST, Manager.

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A. P. RIGGS,
Real Estate and Insurance,

No. 11 Bank Block,

BRAINERD,

MINN.

Correspondence solicited.

THE PALACE HOTEL,

BRAINERD,

MINNESOTA.

65, 67, 69 Sixth Street.

Sample Room in the business part of the city.

J. C. LOOMIS, Proprietor.

W. J. STEPHENS. W. M. BICKFORD. F. G. HIGGINS.

STEVENS, BICKFORD & HIGGINS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

REAL ESTATE.

MISSOULA, - - - MONTANA.

1882

1888

J. L. SMITH,

Insurance, Real Estate
and Loan Agency.

Investments and Collections made for Non-residents.
Farm and City Property for Sale.

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Office, Room 2 Sleeper Block,

BRAINERD, MINN.



Dakota.

THE OLDEST MAN.—It was to be expected that the oldest man which the St. Paul Globe has been able to find in the entire northwest, lives in Dakota, and breathes the pure ozone of our climate. He is 114 years old. Dakota is, of course, pre-eminently the young man's country, but when it becomes necessary to show the wonderful healthfulness of the climate, the oldest man is as easily forthcoming as the youngest.—*Jameson Alert*.

A MODEL FARM.—Among the many valuable and hand some farms in Cass County, the one known as the Chaffee farm stands out conspicuously. It consists of 4,000 acres, all of which are in wheat and oats. The farm is located at Amelia, and the many buildings necessary to accommodate the help required constitute the major portion of the town. Mr. Chaffee, the general manager, is a practical farmer, whose labors in Dakota have been crowned with success.—*Cassellon Blizard*.

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF DAKOTA.—"I have just been over the garden spot of the world," said Manager Chambers of the Northern Dakota Elevator Company yesterday. "I drove Sunday from Cassellon to Buffalo, Dakota, and I never saw better crop indications. The wheat has started beautifully, the color is good, and the prospects were never better for a big crop. Of course, the cool weather is keeping back the crop somewhat, but the splendid condition of the stalk indicates that it will develop rapidly when the warm weather does come. Everybody in North Dakota seems hopeful and encouraged. I look for the best crop in five years." "What do you think of the wheat prospects as seen by you on your visit in the Jim River Valley?" was asked of Contractor Jordan yesterday. "They never were better than to-day," was the ready reply. "I visited the whole length of the valley and saw a fine state of things, and found the farmers jubilant. Dakota is looking up this year."—*Dubuth News*.

Montana.

FORT BENTON has always enjoyed the distinction of being the chief wool shipping point of Montana; but there is a sharp race this season between Benton and Billings as to which will take the lead.

We are pleased to note that our proposed Missouri Valley canal, in accordance with the repeated recommendations of the *Tranchant*, is to be a canal in fact as well as in name; constructed after the most approved of those artificial water ways of California which have worked such miracles in the building up of the vast interior districts of that State.—*Townsend Tranchant*.

Articles of incorporation of the Helena and Livingston Smelting and Refining Company have been filed with the Territorial Secretary. Nine trustees have been chosen to manage the affairs of the institution. The trustees are S. T. Hauser, J. T. Murphy, O. R. Allen, A. J. Davidson, A. J. Seligman, H. M. Parchen, A. M. Holter, all of Helena and R. Rossiter and J. L. Haberman, of New York.

Large numbers of horses are traveling east and west on the Northern Pacific railroad. Fine stock coming west and hundreds of carloads of medium-weight driving horses being shipped East to fill the demand that has arisen for Montana-bred horses. This demand is constantly increasing, and even now it is difficult to find large numbers of horses well-broken and fit to ship East. This industry is comparatively in its infancy, and an opportunity is offered for capital which is unequalled.—*Billings Gazette*.

THE UPPER MUSSEL SHELL.—The Upper Musselshell country is no doubt as fine a stock country as can be found in the Territory. It is the finest sheep country we ever saw, clean of sage brush and prickly pears and sheep do not have to be fed hay in winter. Springs of pure water are very frequent and streams of never-failing clear water course down from the mountains watering the country to perfection for stock and irrigating purposes. With railroad connections this section would very soon be one of the most valuable portions of Montana.—*Castle News*.

PROGRESS OF CASTLE.—A town of over 100 houses has been built since last June and nearly all branches of business are well represented. We have stage connections with Livingston and White Sulphur Springs, but need a railroad very much. Capital is needed and men of ex-

perience and energy to take hold of the properties, and they would reap rich rewards. The ore pays from the surface in most instances, is the best fluxing in the world, and is needed by all the other camps in the Territory. A smelter would pay a big profit here. Good cooking coal is found at the upper end of the district in large quantities.—*Castle News*.

Idaho.

THE ST. JOE COUNTRY.—Five men from the St. Joe Country were in Wallace Wednesday and Thursday for the purpose of getting supplies. They are prospecting on the St. Joe River about thirty miles from Wallace and sixteen miles beyond the Slate Creek camp, where O'Morrow and others are at work. They went into that country in April and have been prospecting and opening up trails ever since. They came over the trail which has just been completed and pronounce it easy traveling. From O'Morrow's camp they follow Slate Creek to its mouth and then go up the St. Joe River. They seemed well pleased with the prospects over in that country, but we heard no particulars of what they find. It would not be at all surprising to hear of some big strikes in the St. Joe Country. Every man that goes in there seems satisfied to stay and there are men in there who know just what they are doing.—*Wallace Free Press*.

THIRTY miles east of Moscow, an Indian discovered, some years ago, a large ledge of very valuable mica, such as is used in stove doors. He sold his discovery to W. A. Woody, who in turn sold a half interest to W. J. McConnell, and they sold the claim to Peck Bros. & Co., Chicago, for \$125,000. In the year 1887, 330 tons of mica was mined and of this seven tons went to England and was pronounced a very fine article. The sheets are from four to fourteen inches in size. It is developed by tunnels, one of which taps the ledge 300 feet below the surface and the other is driven to tap the ledge 500 feet lower. The product is worth from forty cents to \$14 per pound. S. S. Rogers has a southwestern extension of the ledge. He has sunk a shaft eighty feet deep and is running a tunnel 250 feet long to tap the ledge at a depth of 250 feet below the surface. The mica in this is of the same quality as that in the original claim. The waste mica is used for various purposes in commerce; among others the crumbs are used to bespangle wall paper.—*Star of Idaho*.

Washington.

PALOUSE CITY having learned a sad lesson from the recent destructive fire there, is negotiating for an \$8,000 system of waterworks.

MORE than 5,000 pounds of broom-corn, pronounced by experts as of a superior quality, was raised by Frank Schuneman on his farm, three miles from Pasco.

BUILT IN ONE DAY.—As a sample of Garfield energy, a party purchased a lot in the morning, hauled lumber, erected a house and was living in it when the curtains of night began to descend.—*Garfield Enterprise*.

A TRIP to the northern part of Kittitas County will convince the most skeptical that great things are in store for that section of the Northwest. Perhaps no town on the Pacific Coast has had such a magic growth and flashed into existence in such a remarkably short space of time as the town of Roslyn. It is simply marvelous.—*Ellensburg New Era*.

There never has been a failure of crops in the Inland Empire, although it has been 128 days at one time when no rain fell. With such a record for the eastern part of our Territory, and with such immense resources in the western part, there can be no reason why Washington will not become the most thickly populated and prosperous State in the Union.—*Pacific Journal*.

A SMELTER FOR TACOMA.—"The Tacoma Milling and Smelting Company, recently organized, will erect a smelter at Tacoma with a daily capacity of 200 tons. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000 and it is proposed to have the plant ready for operation by December. The officers of the company are: President, Dennis Ryan; Treasurer, Theodore Hosmer; Secretary R. B. Galusha; Assistant Secretary, W. D. Tyler.

A REMARKABLE CATCH OF HALIBUT.—Captain Calder, commanding the fishing schooner Mollie Adams, arrived in Seattle Wednesday evening from Flattery banks, with 40,000 pounds of halibut. Some of these halibut weighed 150 pounds. The schooner left Port Townsend last Thursday, reached Cape Flattery Saturday, and the crew fished until Monday noon, a day and a half. In this short time they had made a catch of twenty tons.

RITZVILLE and Adams County are being rapidly filled up with Eastern and Western Oregon people who are in search of Government land. Adams is the only country that has homestead land and railroad facilities. Land agents place the public land at a quarter million of acres, and about the same of railroad land. This county is a rolling prairie covered with a heavy growth of bunch-grass, and is a paradise for stockmen. Cattle, horses and

sheep came through the winter in excellent shape. Beef cattle are being shipped to the Sound, taken from the bunch-grass hills, and sell for a good price. The wool clip will be large this year. It is estimated that between \$100,000 and \$150,000 worth of wool will be shipped from Ritzville.

Cheney offers advantages to capital unsurpassed by any town in the Territory. She is the center of the finest agricultural regions in the world! Hundreds of new settlers are coming in, and thousands of acres of rich farming land have been brought under cultivation during the past year. No town enjoys a more substantial prosperity or a brighter future than Cheney.—*Cheney Sentinel*.

HEPPNER is on the eve of a boom of no mean proportions, and those having real estate are indeed fortunate. The amount of country which is tributary to this place is greater than any other town in Eastern Oregon, thereby placing it in a position to enjoy a lease of prosperity, which it richly merits. This has always been a good town, growing steadily from the time it was first ushered into existence by those old pioneers, J. L. Morrow and Henry Heppner.—*Heppner Gazette*.

THE Tacoma, Ellensburg & Concomully Railway and Navigation Company are spending a good deal of money in getting the best route for their railroad to the Columbia River. After the survey shall have been completed, the next thing will be the securing the right-of-way. The road will be of so much importance to this country that we think the right-of-way will be easily obtained.—*Ellensburg Localizer*.

This country is rapidly filling up with Eastern people and their peculiarities are noticeable to the old-timer. One of them recently stepped into an Ellensburg store and asked for five cents worth of nice fresh crackers and ten cents worth of cheese, cut from the soft side of the cheese. Another wanted six cents worth of blueing and still another wanted a couple of peanuts or the odd half cent due her for change. Verily the good old days are fast vanishing.—*Ellensburg Localizer*.

RICH OKANOGAN ORES.—There has been an analysis made in this city of some fine ores of the Okanogan region recently, which shows the richness of the mineral belt. A sample of ore from the Okanogan Belle showed 1.10 ounces of gold, 861 ounces of silver and 5.60-100 per cent. of lead to the ton. A sample of ore from the La Ruma Mine showed to the ton, a trace of gold, 1.180 ounces of silver, lead 30 per cent., copper 13, bismuth 2, arsenic 2, zinc 1, antimony none, sulphur 2, silica 40. The value of this would be \$1,281.20 per ton of 2,000 pounds. The proprietor of the La Ruma begins shipping this ore next week from the mines through Tacoma to San Francisco and wants to know "why we cannot have a smelter here?" The latest quotations of gold are \$20 per ounce, silver ninety-three cents per ounce and lead eighty cents per hundredweight.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

NORTH YAKIMA GOING AHEAD.—Other places require booming, but our city is increasing at the rate of three or four hundred permanent citizens a month. The new brick blocks of the Yakima National Bank, Dr. G. J. Hill, and the First National Bank are going right ahead. The new brick school house, which will be the finest in the Territory, will soon be completed. Other bricks are being contracted for. Dwelling houses are being constructed. There is not a vacant tenement in the town. J. C. Leach has under contract to build a row of dwellings. In fact the progress and substantial improvement of North Yakima is assured. Nothing can prevent it. Prettily situated; surrounded by an immense and prolific farming district, with thousands of acres of waving grain, beautiful alfalfa fields, great yards of stately hops, and acre after acre of potatoes and other vegetables, orchards, vineyards, and mines of valuable coal, iron, gold and silver contiguous, nothing can keep back or retard the growth of our city, which is fast assuming metropolitan proportions. Let the papers "boom" other localities; we don't require it. But if the intelligent emigrant will but once inspect our resources he is sure to drive his stake and invest and live among us.—*North Yakima Signal*.

British Columbia.

THE Steamer Kootenai, at the Little Dalles, is being thoroughly overhauled and repaired and will be transferred to British waters where it will ply between the Kootenai Mines and Farwell. The work is being hurried along and the craft will be ready for business in a few weeks. She will be operated under the direction of the Kootenai Railroad Company which will build their line of rail to the mines this season. The Ainsworth land grant of 200,000 acres has been voted by the Canadian Parliament and the road is assured. The British authorities are building a wagon road from the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Kootenai, to the new mines on the latter stream. The distance is twenty-four miles and the road will be completed early the present season. A trading post has been established at the confluence of the two rivers and steamers will ply the Columbia between Farwell and the new trading post.

St. Paul Advertisements.

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Dry Goods and Notions,

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RAILWAYS, CONTRACTORS,
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**FAIRBANKS' SCALES,
ECLIPSE WIND MILLS,**

TANKS, PUMPS, PIPE, Etc.

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THE NORTHWESTERN LIME CO.,

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Foreign and American Cements,

Lime, Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick, Clay, Tile, &c., &c.

Car Load Lots Prices made, delivered at any point.

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OFFICE, 170 EAST THIRD STREET,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

P. H. KELLY MERCANTILE CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO P. H. KELLY & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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TEAS AND COFFEES,

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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

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ESTABLISHED 1860.

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*Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Work
and Building Material,*

PINE AND HARD WOOD LUMBER.
ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

St. Paul & Pacific Coal and Iron Co.,

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Sole Shippers to the Northwest of Philadelphia and Reading Coal.

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A. PUGH, - - General Manager.

The St. Paul Trust Company.

CAPITAL FULLY PAID UP, \$250,000.

Guarantee Deposit with State Auditor, \$100,000.

Incorporated and operating under State authority and supervision, and with perpetual succession, for the Transaction of a General and Safe

LOAN, TRUST AND ANNUITY BUSINESS.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, Assignee or Receiver and Agent for Mortgage Loans.

Correspondence solicited from parties desiring to make safe Investments.

Attention is invited to our new Fire and Burglar-Proof **SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,**

with all modern improvements and appliances for security and convenience. Individual safes for rent from five to forty dollars per annum.

OFFICERS—J. W. Bishop, Pres't.; Greenleaf Clark, Vice-Pres't.; S. P. McConnell, Sec'y; Harvey Officer, Att'y.
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Largest Jobbing **GUN HOUSE** In the Northwest.
Everything in Sporting Goods



At Lowest Manufacturers Rates.

WM. R. BURKHARD,

128 East Third Street, - - ST. PAUL.

Dealers: Send for catalogue.

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Wholesale and Retail

M. E. A. T. S.

Hotel and Railroad Supplies a specialty.

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Reference, Dining Car Department N. P. R. R. Co.

One of the Largest Hotels in the State. Steam Elevators
and all Modern Improvements.

MERCHANTS HOTEL

F. R. WELZ, Proprietor.



ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

Special Rates to Excursion Parties. One block from
Union Depot and Steamboat Landing:

ST. PAUL PARK.

The improvements at St. Paul Park were started July 1st, 1887. In 1887 over 100 buildings were erected, costing \$300,000. The following manufacturing concerns are now located and in operation:

	Capacity.	Cost of Factory.		Cost.
J. L. Spencer Carriage Co.....	200 workmen.	\$ 35,000	11 Stores.....	\$ 22,000
St. Paul Knitting Works.....	300 "	40,000	3 Hotels.....	29,000
W. R. Church Cart Co.....	50 "	12,000	18 Residences, \$2,000 each.....	36,000
St. Paul Park Silk Co.....	25 "	7,000	28 Residences, \$1,000 each.....	28,000
St. Paul Park Broom Co.....	50 "	5,000	25 Residences, \$900 each.....	22,500
Globe Engine and Boiler Works.....	25 "	7,500	35 Stone foundations not yet built upon.....	5,250
H. A. Peterson Agricultural Implements.....	25 "	8,000	Burlington R. R. brick passenger station.....	4,000
John Dudley Lumber Co.....	25 "	5,000		
H. A. Muckle Sleigh Co.....	75 "	20,000		
Total.....	775	\$139,500	Total.....	\$286,250

A CASH BONUS AND LAND NECESSARY FOR BUILDINGS WILL BE DONATED to any other reputable manufacturing concerns to locate at St. Paul Park. St. Paul Park is owned by the St. Paul Park Improvement Company. The present townsite is a fine level tract of 1,200 acres, located on the Mississippi River, east from St. Paul, one mile from the city limits, and on the River Divisions of both the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railways. THE BURLINGTON ROAD RUNS HOURLY MOTOR TRAINS BETWEEN ST. PAUL UNION DEPOT AND ST. PAUL PARK. Fare six cents per ride for twenty-five ride tickets.

Desirable Building Lots for Sale at \$200 to \$300 per Lot.

TERMS: One-third cash; balance equal amounts in 1 and 2, or 1, 2 and 3 years, with 8 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. 3 per cent. discount if all cash is paid. Sales will also be made on MONTHLY PAYMENTS, terms \$25 or more per lot cash, and \$10 or more per month, interest 8 per cent., payable semi-annually.

The St. Paul Park Improvement Co. will expend this year \$100,000 in locating manufactories and other improvements, in addition to this about the same amount will be expended by individual parties. Another brick depot will be erected by the Burlington Road at 12th Avenue; 100 residences will be built; also schools, churches, etc.

Parties out of the city who wish to purchase lots at St. Paul Park, can write to the Company or to any of the manufactories named above who will gladly make selection. For maps, illustrated papers and other information call on or address,

ST. PAUL PARK IMPROVEMENT CO.,

28 East Fourth St, next to Globe Building,

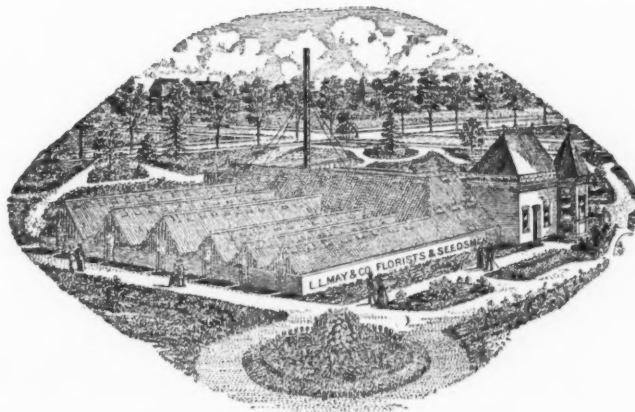
ST. PAUL, MINN.

M. D. MILLER, President. F. S. BRYANT, Secretary.

Branch Office on the grounds opposite Depot, in charge of CHAS. A. PARKER.

NORTHWESTERN HEADQUARTERS FOR

Bulbs, Seeds, **PLANTS**, Cut Flowers, etc.



OUR TRADE EXTENDS FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

Our Greenhouses are the most complete in the United States, and the collection of plants cannot be surpassed.

Telegraph orders for Flowers for Weddings, Receptions, Funerals, etc., promptly attended to and, when time does not exceed three days in transportation, we guarantee safe arrival and in good condition.

Plants can be shipped by express or mail any distance with perfect safety. Fine Illustrated Catalogue, giving varieties and prices, mailed free on application. Write for it.

100 Salesmen wanted to solicit orders for Nursery Stock to be delivered this coming Fall and Spring, 1889. Good salaries and expenses paid. Apply with references.

L. L. MAY & CO.,

Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen.

Greenhouses: Como Avenue, Three Blocks west of Rice St.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Over Fifty Million Square Feet in Use.



Over Fifty Million Square Feet in Use.

FIRE-PROOF.

This Roof is suitable for Factories, Warehouses, Railroad Buildings, Foundries, Machine Shops, Stores, Dwelling Houses and Churches, flat or steep roofs; and consists of strong canvas, combined with an asbestos coated felt, and a manilla lining, or "Backing," water proofed, and compressed into a compact, flexible sheet, resembling leather.

It is supplied ready for use in rolls 38½ inches wide, containing 200 square feet, with allowance for two inch laps. It weighs, with coatings complete, only 85 pounds to 100 square feet, and when protected with our Asbestos Roof Coating and white Fire-Proof Coating, forms a neat, cool and reliable roof.

H. W. Johns' Asbestos Paints. Liquid Paints, Roof and Railway Paints, Fire-Proof Paints, Colors in Oil and Japan, Wood Stains, etc.
Asbestos Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings. Steam Packing, Mill Board, Building Felt, Fire and Water-Proof Sheet, Roof Cement, etc.
HOME RUBBER CO. Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, etc.
 Descriptive Price Lists and Samples Free by Mail.

ELMER & MARSHALL,**323 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis.****316 Robert Street, St. Paul, Minn.****CHAS. H. DODD & CO.,**

Front, First and Vine Sts., -

- **PORTLAND, OREGON,****WHOLESALE DEALERS IN****HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL AND FARM MACHINERY,**

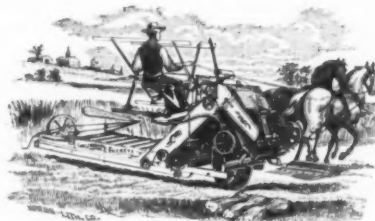
Sole Agents for Oregon, Washington and Northern Idaho for the

Buckeye Reaper and Mower.

These Machines are too well-known to need comment. Thousand of farmers have used them and speak of them with praise. They are the only Harvesting Machines that will give entire satisfaction to the purchaser.

MILLER'S NEW MODEL VIBRATING THRESHER, PHOENIX STRAW BURNER ENGINE,
 The most effective and successful combination for the Threshing and Cleaning of Grain ever constructed.

BUCKEYE STEEL FRAME TWINE-BINDERS. The features that distinguish this Twine-Binder is the Lightness of Draft combined with its extraordinary Strength and Durability. The Binder is of the Appleby pattern, the only really successful one yet known. We have two styles, the Elevator Binder and the Platform Binder—both recommended by hundreds of patrons. **Schuttler Farm Wagons, Deere Plows, Deere Sulky Plows, Cook & Co.'s Carriages, Phatons and Top Buggies, Four-spring Mountain Wagons, Buckboards, Superior Drills and Seeders, Corbin Disc Harrows, Hodges-Haines Headers, Haish Barbed Wire.**
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

**Manufacture Creamery Butter and Fancy Full Cream Cheese!**

Jobbers of Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Milk, Cream, and exclusive Agents for the Crescent Brand of Evaporated Condensed Milk and Preserved Cream.

Annual capacity: 3,000,000 Pounds of Pure Cream Butter!

1,000,000 Pounds of Fancy Cream Cheese!

1,000,000 Dozen Prime Full Weight Selected Eggs.

Our Milk and Cream supply for Manufacturing, Jobbing and for Condensing and Preserving is practically unlimited. We now use the milk and cream daily from 40,000 COWS. The dry atmosphere, pure water, fine grasses, and immense grain crop of Minnesota enables us to produce the finest dairy products made in the World. We are prepared to supply Pure Unsugared, Evaporated, Condensed Milk, and Pure delicious, Preserved Cream to all parts of the continent in perfect condition. Correspondence solicited.

MARVIN & CAMMACK, St. Paul and Rochester, Minn.**TACOMA, Washington Territory, Western Terminus Northern Pacific R. R.**

TACOMA shows the lowest death rate of any city in the Union, and is the best lighted, graded and drained city on the North Pacific Coast.

TACOMA has the finest of educational facilities, and a population of 15,000 law abiding, industrious home winners.

TACOMA is not a "Boom City," but a rapidly growing mercantile and manufacturing center.

TACOMA will ship 10,000,000 bushels of wheat this season and 12,000,000 bushels next fall and win-

ter. The commerce of the world is safe in our harbor every day in the year.

TACOMA will ship 150,000,000 feet of the best lumber in the world this year. The coal mines tributary are inexhaustible, and mountains of the finest of iron ore are now being worked by experienced and wealthy owners.

TACOMA is not handicapped by any great body of fresh water around its suburbs, to shut off its tributary farming country, but has beautiful and safe

small lakes within thirty minutes drive of the city, where fishing and boating may be enjoyed by any so inclined.

TACOMA has a better foundation for permanent, material prosperity than any city in the United States and the sickly whine which comes from some of her jealous neighbors will develop into a wail of despair as they note Tacoma's daily growing supremacy, by virtue of inherent merit and determination to utilize her advantages.

To all of which we subscribe ourselves,

Yours truly,

Hall & Cavender,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, 115 South Tenth Street.

Tacoma, W. T.

Northern Pacific Railroad Company, LAND DEPARTMENT.

FREE

Maps and descriptive publications in various languages sent free of charge to any address.
For all information relative to the Northern Pacific country, apply to or address,

CHAS. B. LAMBORN,
Land Commissioner,
St. Paul, Minn.

OR

P. B. GROAT,
General Emigration Agent,
St. Paul, Minn.

For Lands and Town Lots in
MINNESOTA, DAKOTA AND MONTANA,
EASTERN LAND DISTRICT,
Apply to **A. G. POSTLETHWAITE,**
General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

For Lands and Town Lots in
WASHINGTON, OREGON AND IDAHO,
WESTERN LAND DISTRICT,
Apply to **PAUL SCHULZE,**
General Land Agent, Tacoma, W. T.

THE BEST HOMES FOR TEN MILLION PEOPLE IN

Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, Washington and Oregon,

THE GREAT NORTHERN PACIFIC COUNTRY.

FREE

All along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad and its branches Government lands lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands are offered by the United States Government to actual settlers under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture Laws. These are the best and most productive lands ever offered for settlement. **MORE THAN ONE HALF** of all the public land taken by private entry in the United States during the fiscal years of 1885 and 1886 is located in States and Territories traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. **OVER 36 per cent** of the number of all private entries made during the same period in the United States have been filed in Dakota.

Northern Pacific Railroad Lands

in Minnesota, and Dakota east of the Missouri River and within easy reach from established railroad stations on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad and its branches are now being sold at lower prices than those asked by the Government for adjoining sections.

Some of the Advantages of Buying Lands of the Railroad Company

Are that settlement is not made a condition of purchase; there is no delay in acquiring title to the lands purchased; and the preferred stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is received at par in payment of principal and interest upon lands in Minnesota and Dakota EAST of the Missouri River. The Northern Pacific Railroad lands are sold on very easy terms to actual settlers under the

TEN YEAR CREDIT PLAN.

This applies to all agricultural lands in both the Eastern and the Western Land Districts. Under this plan settlers will be required within one year from the date of purchase to build upon the land they may select, and also to break and cultivate not less than ONE-TENTH of the land during each of the first three years. The terms of payment are, one-tenth cash; at the end of the first year interest on the unpaid balance only; at the end of each of the next nine years, one-tenth of the principal, together with 7 per cent interest.

The Agricultural Lands of the Company are also for sale on the

FIVE YEAR CREDIT PLAN WITHOUT ANY REQUIREMENT AS TO SETTLEMENT.

WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, NORTH DAKOTA AND MONTANA.—For Lands in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota and Montana, on the five years' plan, the terms of payment are, one sixth cash; balance in five equal annual installments with 7 per cent interest.

WASHINGTON, IDAHO AND OREGON.—For Lands in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, on the five years' plan, the terms of payment are, one-fifth cash; at the end of the first year interest on the unpaid balance only; at the end of each of the next four years one-fifth of the principal, with 7 per cent interest.

GRAZING LANDS in Dakota, Montana and Washington, in tracts of one section and over, are sold on ten years' time, without requiring settlement.

REBATES ON ALL LANDS IN MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA EAST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

A rebate of \$1 per acre will be made for the area broken and put under cultivation within the first two years after the sale.

REBATES OF RAILROAD FARE

A rebate of the full price of a "One Way Ticket" or one-half of the price of a "Round Trip Ticket" from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Superior to stations on the Northern Pacific Railroad in MINNESOTA AND NORTH DAKOTA may be applied in part-payment for 160 acres or more of the company's land in MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA, bought by and in the name of the purchaser of the ticket and within forty days from the date of the ticket. To secure the rebate the certificate printed on the ticket must be delivered to the General Land Agent at St. Paul, at the time of purchase of land and within the time specified above.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company owns desirable Lots and Blocks in most of the following named Towns, which are for sale at reasonable prices.

TOWNS IN EASTERN LAND DISTRICT ON MAIN LINE N. P. R. R.

MINNESOTA—Brainerd, Frazee City, Wadena (eastern terminus N. P., F. & B. H. R. R.)

WISCONSIN—Superior.

NORTH DAKOTA—Mapleton, Casselton, Windsor, Crystal Springs, Tappan, Menoken, Bismarck (Capital of Dakota and U. S. Land Office), Mandan, Marmot, New Salem, Sims, Glenullen, Hebron, Richardson, Taylor, Gladstone, Dickinson, Belfield. On N. P., F. & B. H. Branch—Wahpeton, Milnor (western terminus N. P., F. & B. H. R. R.). On the Fargo & Southwestern Branch—Leonard, Sheldon, Butzville, Lisbon, Marshall, LaMoure (western terminus of the F. & S. W. Branch). On the Jamestown & Northern Branch—Melville, Carrington (the junction of the Mouse River Branch of the Jamestown & Northern R. R.), Sykeston (the Mouse River Branch completed to this point), New Rockford, Edmunds, Minnewaukan (the terminus of the Jamestown & Northern Branch on Devils Lake, and supply point for Turtle Mountain and Mouse River country).

MONTANA—Helena (capital of Montana and U. S. Land Office), Garrison (junction of the Utah & Northern Railroad, Drummond, Missoula, Thompson's Falls, Glendive, Miles City (U. S. Land Office), Hathaway, Forsyth, Livingston (junction with the Yellowstone National Park Branch), Bozeman (U. S. Land Office), Moreland, Gallatin, Townsend.

TOWNS IN WESTERN LAND DISTRICT ON MAIN LINE N. P. R. R.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND IDAHO—Tacoma (the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad), Spokane Falls (U. S. Land Office), Cheney, Sprague, Harrison, Ritzville, Pataha, North Yakima, Ainsworth, Bathdrum, Trent.

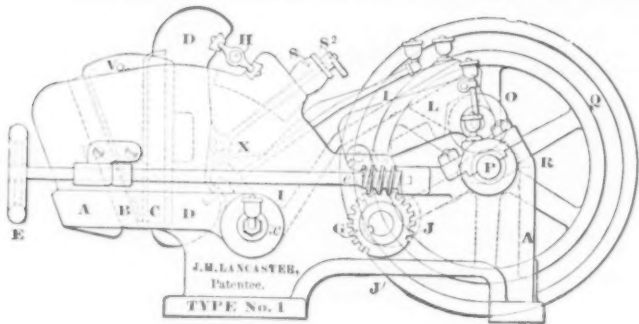
TERMS OF SALE FOR NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. TOWN LOTS.

One-quarter cash on application; balance in three (3) equal payments, due four (4), eight (8), and twelve (12) months from date of sale. Interest on deferred payments at the rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum.

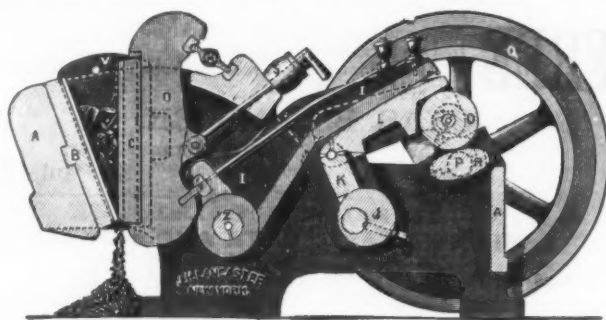
A. ROEDELHEIMER, GENERAL AGENT, LAND AND PASSENGER DEPARTMENTS, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The "Lancaster" Rock Breakers and Ore Crushers.

THE NEWEST, MOST SIMPLE, RAPID AND THE ONLY EFFICIENT SYSTEM EXTANT.



ELEVATION



TYPE NO. 1 LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

THESE NOVEL MACHINES ARE DESIGNED to fill the most exacting requirements for rapid action and yielding a uniform product. They have fewer parts and simpler adjustments than any other Rock Breakers or Crushers heretofore extant. They are specially adapted for crushing all kinds of rock, ore, slag, corundum, cement, flint, trap, road metal, gneiss, quartz, pyrites, emery stone, coprolites, etc. The "Lancaster" Crushers are instantly adjusted to produce any required size of fineness of uniform product and this can be instantly done by any unskilled hand.

THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT MEANS of adjustment, which are illustrated herewith and known respectively as Types No. 1 and 2. In all other features and qualifications they exactly resemble each other. The prices differ somewhat but both types of machines are warranted to be perfect in every respect. Comparative tests with other makers' machines are invited.

THE WHOLE FORWARD movement of the jaw in both types of machines is completed by, at most, one-fourth the revolution of the cam, so that the quick and powerful motion of the jaw resembles a KNAPPING OR HAMMER-LIKE BLOW, more than can be got by any other Rock-breaker, all others being worked from either an eccentric or crank shaft.

EITHER MACHINE NEED ONLY RUN AT HALF THE SPEED of any other makers' Rock Breaker to do the same amount of work, OR IF RUN AT THE SAME SPEED, will do nearly twice the amount of work in corresponding time. Conveyors, elevators and rotary screens may be readily fitted, and either types of the Crushers may also be made portable or in sections if desired.

The "Lancaster" Rock Breaking and Crushing Machines will successfully break and crush the hardest and most refractory substances as well also as softer minerals, and may be operated by hand, horse-gear, steam, water, wind-mill, or other available power.

The novel action of the jaws of these new Crushers produces equal quantity of output, OF ANY UNIFORM SIZE, BY ONE-HALF THE USUAL POWER, and their respective weights are only about ONE-THIRD that of any other makers' type of Breaker and Crusher of corresponding capacity.

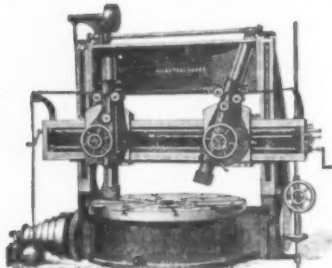
Cheaper. Fewer working parts. Smaller Amount of friction. Less power to drive and more durable. Perfect lubrication. Simplicity of adjustments. Protection of all working parts from grit. Half the weight of any other Rock Breaker of same capacity.

For Catalogues, Testimonials, Prices, Agencies, Foreign Licenses, etc., and also of the

"Lancaster" Hydraulic Coal Wedgers, Mechanical Coal Wedgers, Power and Hand Coal Drills, Grapples, Pulverizers, Concentrators, Pulverators, Amalgamators, Stamp Mills, Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Elevators, Screens, Coak Crushers, etc., apply to the Patentee and sole Manufacturer,

JAMES H. LANCASTER,

187 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.



We Furnish Complete Equipment for Railway, Car, Locomotive and Machine Shop Equipments.

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The Union Steel Company,
OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Manufacturers of

PIG IRON

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Bessemer Steel Rails.

OFFICE—302 First National Bank Building.
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CLEVELAND WHEEL AND FOUNDRY WORKS,

MAHER & BRAYTON, Proprietors,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Car, Engine, Truck and Tender Wheels, Railroad, Rolling Mill and Machinery Castings, and Street Railroad Wheels and Turnouts;
Also, Chilled Faced Railroad Frogs.

OFFICE, 20 CARTER STREET.

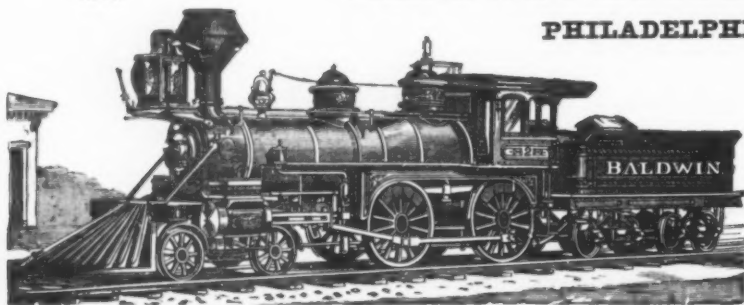
Works, Corner Carter and Collins Streets, CLEVELAND, O.

ESTABLISHED
1831.

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PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

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CAPACITY, 600.



BURNHAM, PARRY, WILLIAMS & CO., PROPRIETORS

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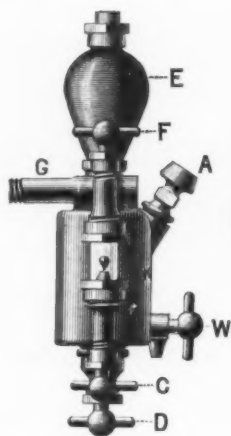
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES,

Adapted to every variety of service, and built accurately to standard gauges and templates. Like parts of different engines of same class perfectly interchangeable

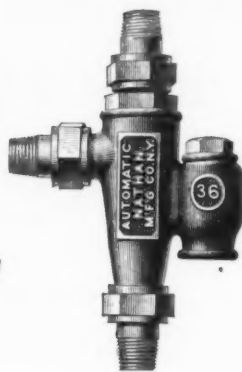
Passenger and Freight Locomotives, Main Locomotives, Narrow Gauge Locomotives, Noiseless Motors and Steam Cars for Street Railways, Etc.

Illustrated catalogues furnished on application of customer.

ALL WORK THOROUGHLY GUARANTEED



"VOLUNTEER"
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GRESHAM AUTOMATIC
RE-STARTING INJECTOR.

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Patent Self-Acting Lubricators and Oilers of all Kinds.

For sale by all first-class Machine Supply Houses.
Send to Headquarters for Illustrated Catalogue.

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Extra Diamond Valve
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Castor Oil.
All grades of 80° to
33° S. F. Amber. Also
Light and Dark Filtered
Stocks.



Independent Refiners of Petroleum and its Products.

Railroad Cylinder, Engine, Car, Coach and Signal Oils a Specialty.

THE STANDARD LUBRICATING OIL OF AMERICA FOR RAILROADS.

Galena Engine, Coach and Car Oil.

GRAVITY 26°, 27°, 28°, 29°; COLD TEST, 10° to 15° BELOW ZERO.

No freezing in coldest weather, and entire freedom from hot journals at any time; perfect uniformity at all seasons of the year. Saves 40 per cent. in wear of brasses, as its exclusive use upon a majority of the leading railroads has demonstrated.

SHOWING BETTER RESULTS THAN ANY OIL EXTANT,

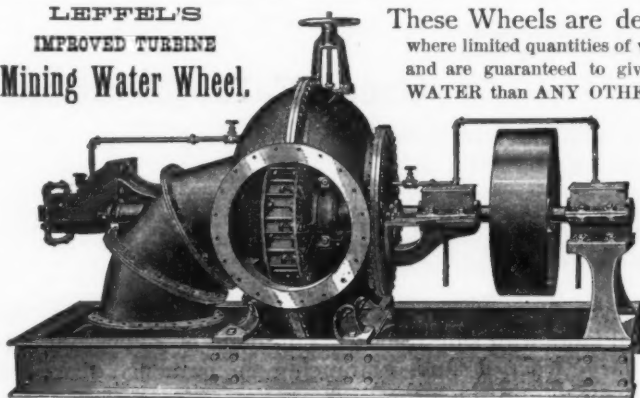
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GALENA OIL WORKS (Limited),

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CHAS. MILLER, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

LEFFEL'S IMPROVED TURBINE Mining Water Wheel.



These Wheels are designed for all purposes where limited quantities of water and high heads are utilized and are guaranteed to give MORE POWER with LESS WATER than ANY OTHER WHEEL MADE.

Estimates furnished on application, for Wheels specially built and adapted to suit any particular case.

Fine Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

Address the Manufacturers.

JAS. LEFFEL & CO.,

Springfield, Ohio,

Or 110 Liberty St., N. Y.

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Dealers in Timothy, Clover, Flax, Hungarian, Millet, Red Top, Blue Grass, Lawn Grass, Orchard Grass, Bird Seeds, &c.

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104, 106, 108 & 110 Michigan St. OFFICES, 115 KINZIE ST.
190, 200, 202 & 204 Market St. CHICAGO, ILL.

EQUIPMENT OF

Machine and Railway Shops.

My propositions cover Engines, Boilers, Cold Rolled Iron or Steel Shafting, Adjustable Self-oiling Hangers, Compression Couplings, Split or Solid Pulleys, Iron and Wood-working Machinery, Foundation Drawings, everything delivered at the shops to be equipped, located, started, not to be accepted or paid for until running satisfactorily. In this way only can parties purchasing know in advance just what the entire cost will be and keep out bills for "extras," which are usually numerous at the end of such jobs.

I have in this way equipped many railway and car shops, and I know of no instance in which entire satisfaction has not been given. Terms of payment made satisfactory.

Eastern Agent, J. A. FAY & CO., Cincinnati.

GEORGE PLACE,

Late the Geo. Place Mach. Co., 121 Chambers St., N. Y.

FAYETTE BROWN, Receiver

—OF—

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Chicago Office and Agency, Phenix Building, Chicago.

MANUFACTURERS OF

IRON AND STEEL,

Bars, Sheets, Plates, Angles, Channels,
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Nails, Spikes, Washers, etc.
Also Universal Plates and Heavy Bridge Bars.

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Hardware, Iron and Steel,

AGENTS FOR

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81 and 83 Front Street.

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OREGON.

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Gasoline Stoves and Ranges,

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THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.

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TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and
The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

Population in 1880, 760.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000
Tons of Coal shipped in 1882.....	56,300
Tons of Coal shipped in 1887.....	212,969
Bales of Hops shipped in 1880.....	7,005
Bales of Hops shipped in 1887.....	18,000
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136
Miles of Railway tributary in 1887.....	2,375
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	50
Feet of Lumber exported in 1887, over.....	63,000,000

The Methodist University for Puget Sound has been located at Tacoma, with a bonus given by the citizens of \$75,000. In the above valuation of school property the Methodist University is not included.

Population in 1888, 15,000.

Banks in 1880.....	1
Banks in 1888.....	5
Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Value of Public School Property.....	\$94,000
Value of Private School Property.....	\$105,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	\$90,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	\$250,000

Tacoma is the natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon are aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

Tacoma now shows more healthy and rapid growth than any other point in the Northwest, and is the best location for Manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written informatinn will be furnished on application to

General Manager of the Tacoma Land Company,

ISAAC W. ANDERSON,

902 C Street, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA,

Has the largest available water power on this continent. Tributary to it are the fertile fields of the Judith and Sun River valleys; the neighboring mountain forests; the most extensive and productive stock ranges in the West, and the rich gold, silver and galena mines of Neihart, Yogo, Barker and many other important mining districts. Lying at its very doors are the largest coal and iron fields west of the Mississippi.

Great Falls is the western Terminus of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, and the eastern terminus of the Montana Central. Work is now progressing rapidly upon the smelter located here, which is to be the largest and best equipped of any similar institution in the world. The completion of this great work will involve an expenditure of over \$2,000,000. Other manufacturing enterprises of about equal importance will be commenced here soon.

Possessed of such unparalleled natural resources, an abundance of capital and enterprise, no other place in the West offers better inducements to the settler and investor than Great Falls.

For further information address Great Falls Water Power & Town Site Company, Great Falls, Montana.

H. F. COLLETT,

Real Estate and Insurance,

Great Falls, Montana.

Town Lots and Ranch Property. Some valuable land adjoining the Townsite suitable for platting.

Correspondence solicited.

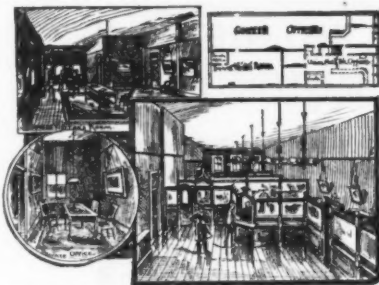
GREAT FALLS REAL ESTATE.

Business and Residence Lots, improved and unimproved, in every part of the city. Acre property adjoining the Townsite suitable for platting. A fine body of Sand Coulee coal land, with side-tracks. One mile of river front adjoining Townsite Co.'s land with good Railroad facilities. A large tract of land, embracing an immense quarry of superior building stone, near town. Also some first-class property in the promising mining camps of Neihart, Barker and Castle. For Maps, Circulars and further information in regard to any of above property write to

CHOWEN & BURGHARDT,

Real Estate Agents,

Great Falls, Montana.



Offices of THOMAS DOWSE—25x115 and 25x45 feet.
"The finest Real Estate Offices in the U. S."

The Oldest EXCLUSIVE Real Estate Agent in Duluth.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Acquaintance and experience have value.

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Cor. Superior St. and Fourth Ave. W., Opp. Opera House.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

JAMES F. HOLMES.

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JAMES F. HOLMES & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

REAL ESTATE,

RED LAKE FALLS,

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

HE USES THE SMALLER WORD.

Miss Ada—"How do you pronounce Mephistopheles, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith—"I never pronounce it. I simply mention his home address."

A DELAYED SNEEZE.

Rev. Mr. Lamforder (struggling in the agony of a delayed sneeze)—"Er—er—hi—hi—I—I—chew!"

Obliging Passenger—"Yez do? Well, ay, yez'll contint yursilf wid plug turbucky, Oi hev it."

NOT DISTURBED IN THE LEAST.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, madam," he said, as he squeezed by her to go out at the end of the first act. She answered, with a most angelic smile: "Not at all my husband runs the bar!"—*San Francisco Alta.*

A VERY IGNORANT YOUNG LADY.

Uncouth Young Man—"May I kiss you, Miss Jones?"

Miss Jones (indignantly)—"What do you mean, sir?"

U. Y. M. (surprised)—"Don't you know what a kiss is yet? Well, you are the funniest girl I ever saw. Guess you'd better study the dictionary awhile. Good evening."

EGGS ON ICE

In the market:

Lady—"Are these eggs fresh?"

Smart Boy (on deck while the boss is away)—"You bet they are fresh. We don't salt our eggs. We've had them on ice right here in the box for three weeks."—*Washington Critic.*

KNOWLEDGE IS WEALTH.

Language Professor—"To what do I owe the honor of this call?"

Stranger—"I understand that you can talk in forty languages, yet the college pays you only \$100 a week for your services."

"That is correct."

"I have come, sir, to offer you a position at \$500 a week."

"My, my! What do you want me to do?"

"Tend bar at my palace saloon in Chicago."

BECAUSE IT WAS SO FAR AWAY.

"I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr. Sampson," she said, in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia, "I never tire of it."

"Ah," he responded, "would that I were the man in it!"

"Yes," she assented softly.

"And why, Miss Clara?" he asked, getting ready to take her hand.

"Because, Mr. Sampson," she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, "you would be 4,000,000 miles away."

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Magistrate (to new policeman)—"Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighborhood?"

New Policeman—"Shure, yer honor, I saw but one mon, an' I asked him wot he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he: 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on.' At that I sez: 'I wish you success, sor.'"

Magistrate (after a pause)—"Yes, he did open a jewelry store in that vicinity and stole seventeen watches."

New Policeman (after a pause)—"Begorra, yer honor, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no liar."

HOW THEY OSCULATE IN MONTANA.

The Helena girl bows her stately head,
And she fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way, and then lets go
In spasmodic little snips.

The Deer Lodge girl removeth her "specs,"
And freezeth her face with a smile;
Then she sticks out her lips like an open book,
And cheweth her wax meanwhile.

The Missoula girl says never a word,
And you'd think she was rather tame
With her practical view of the matter in hand,
But she gets there all the same.

The Bozeman girl, of grass and grain,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all with a yearful yearn
As big as a bale of hay.

The Great Falls girl gets a grip on herself
As she carefully takes off her hat;
And she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way
Like a terrier shaking a rat.

The Boulder girl so gentle and sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss
With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful soul
Floats away on a sea of bliss.

—Boulder Age

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If you want to know all about Ashland, Northern Wisconsin's flourishing metropolis and lake port, send fifteen cents for the June number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

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If you want to know all about North Dakota, its towns, farms, scenery and people, send fifteen cents for the January, 1888, number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. This is our new Dakota immigration number, and is profusely illustrated.

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Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

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A NEW NAME FOR NURSES.—Montana people are noted for originality of expression. If a term is used which, to their mind, is lacking in force, they immediately drop it, substituting one more expressive if less euphonious. An Eastern lady was contemplating a visit to her brother's family who resides in the Territory. Imagine the idea conveyed to her of the manners and customs out here when

her brother wrote requesting her to bring his family a "baby" herder." She doubtless thought the children were turned out like cattle, to grow.—*Helena Independent.*

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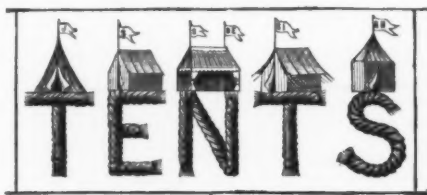
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Occupant Third-Floor Flat (wiping her eyes)—"What is
it you want?" Janitor: "The fourth floor sends respect
and some flowers for y'r husband's coffin, an' begs you
won't cry so loud, 'cause it disturbs the weddin' festivities
up stairs."—*Omaha World.*

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was: "Yes, I don't."

A few days ago two men were in the Morse Building barber shop. One had red hair and the other was bald headed. Red Hair to Bald Head—"You were not about when they were giving out hair?" Bald Head—"Yes, I was there, but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take it."

A QUESTION REQUIRING TIME.—"So you've got a wife," said Jones to a newly-married man. "Don't know, don't know," replied the man with evident hesitation, "sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months, and I can't tell just yet how the blamed combination is going to turn out."—*Washington Critic.*



AT THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

"Please, Mr. Takemwell, only not too good a likeness."

"I hear young Fastleigh has been painting the town red since his uncle left him a quarter of a million." "Why, anybody could paint the town red with a quart of vermilion."

Farmer—"And what is your brother Frank doing now?" City Visitor: "He is paying a good deal of attention to his etching." Farmer: "Um! What is he taking for it? Molasses and sulphur is good."

Tramp (piteously)—"Please help a poor cripple." Kind Old Gent (handing him some money) "Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?" Tramp (pocketing the money)—"Financially crippled, sir."

WHERE THE PRESSURE WAS.—Country Minister: "Don't you know, little boy, that it is wrong to fish on Sunday? Why don't you go home?" Little Boy: "I'm 'fraid to." Country Minister: "Your father will punish you, will he?" Little Boy: "Yes, sir, if I don't bring home more fish than I've ketched so fer."

SHE KNEW HIM.—"Have you a stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau. "Excuse me, sir," said the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?" "Yes; but why do you ask?" "Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."—*Judge.*

HAD BEEN AN INDIAN FIGHTER.—"Where have you been, Pat?" "Of've bin out West foightin' Ingins." "Did you kill any Indians?" "Sure Ol dannoo. Ol knocked one down wid a shillelah an' he was unable to roise." "Why didn't you finish him?" "Bedad, I couldn't. A cigar dealer pulled me aff av the bloody haythen, but begorra, Ol made toothpicks av the Ingins' nose."—*The Arcadia Record.*

A LUCKY TRIP.—"What have you been doing for a living lately?" asked a very tough-looking citizen of a man who looked as if he might be a boon companion. "Burglarizing." "What was your last job?" "I tackled the residence of a real estate agent last night." "Have any luck?" "Yes; first-rate." "What did you get?" "I got away without buying a house and lot."—*Merchant Traveler.*

NOT EXACTLY A HARD DRINKER.—"I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Samuel Slump," said a stranger to a citizen. "Can you tell me if he is a man of drinking habits?" "Wall, stranger, replied the citizen, expectorating copiously, "I wouldn't go fur to say that Sam is exactly a hard drinker, but I reckon if you ask him to go an' take suthin' you won't have to build a fire under him to get him started."

A PROBLEM HARD TO SOLVE.—Herr Bummerzimmer (who is a very bad dancer): "May I haf the pleasure of to dance mit you, Mees Borden?" Miss Borden: "I am very sorry, Herr Bummerzimmer, but my card is quite full." Mr. Bummerzimmer: "Dot is very strange. I haf asked efery lathy in der room to dance and dey all say dere card vos full. And I haf count der shentlemens and dere vos twelve, and I haf count der lathies and dere vos twenty-seex, and I cannot gomprenhed how twelve shentlemens can dance mit twenty-seex lathies efery time."

"Yes, sir," went on Professor X to a gentleman to whom he had recently been introduced. "I have given some attention to the study of human nature, and I rarely fail to read a face correctly. Now, there is a lady," he continued, pointing across the room, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear to me as type. The chin shows firmness of disposition, amounting to obstinacy, the sharp, pointed nose a vicious temperament, the large mouth volubility, the eyes a dryness of soul, the—" "Wonderful, Professor, wonderful." "You know something of the lady, then?" said the Professor.

"Yes, a little; she's my wife."

HE GETS DHERE SHUST DER SAME.

Old Esop wrote a fable vonce
About a boastful hare,
Who say, "Vhen there vas racing
You can always find me dhere;
Und' how a tortoise raced mit him
Ond sthopped hees leedle game,
Und say, if I don't been so shbry,
I gets dhere shust der same!"

Dot vas der cases eferywhere,
In holidays and trade;
By berspiration off der brow
Vas how soockcess vas made.
A man some dime may shdrike id rich
Und get renown and fame;
But dot berspiration feller, too,
He gets dhere shust der same!

Der girl dot makes goot beeskits,
Und can vash and iron dings,
Maybe don'd been so lofely
As dot girl mit diamondt rings;
Butt vhen a vife vas vanted
Who vas id dot's to blame
Eef dot girl midoudt der shewels
Should get dhere shust der same?

Der man dot leafes hees beecnis
Und hangs roundt "bucket shops"
To make den tollars oudt off you
Vhen grain und oil shtock drops,
May go away from dhere some dime,
Mooch boorer as he came;
"Der mills off God grind slowly!"
But they gets dhere shust der same!

Dhen nefer mindt those mushroom schaps
Dot shpring oop in a day,
Dhose reputations dhey vos made
By vork, und nod by blay;
Shust poot your shoulder to der vheel
Eef you vould vin a name—
Und eef der Vhite House vants you—
You'll get dhere shust der same!



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\$1,000 IN FIVE YEARS may be secured by persons of both sexes who join the UNION ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION and pay small monthly assessments; five years will pass quickly; do not delay, but join at once; liberal terms to agents; circulars free.

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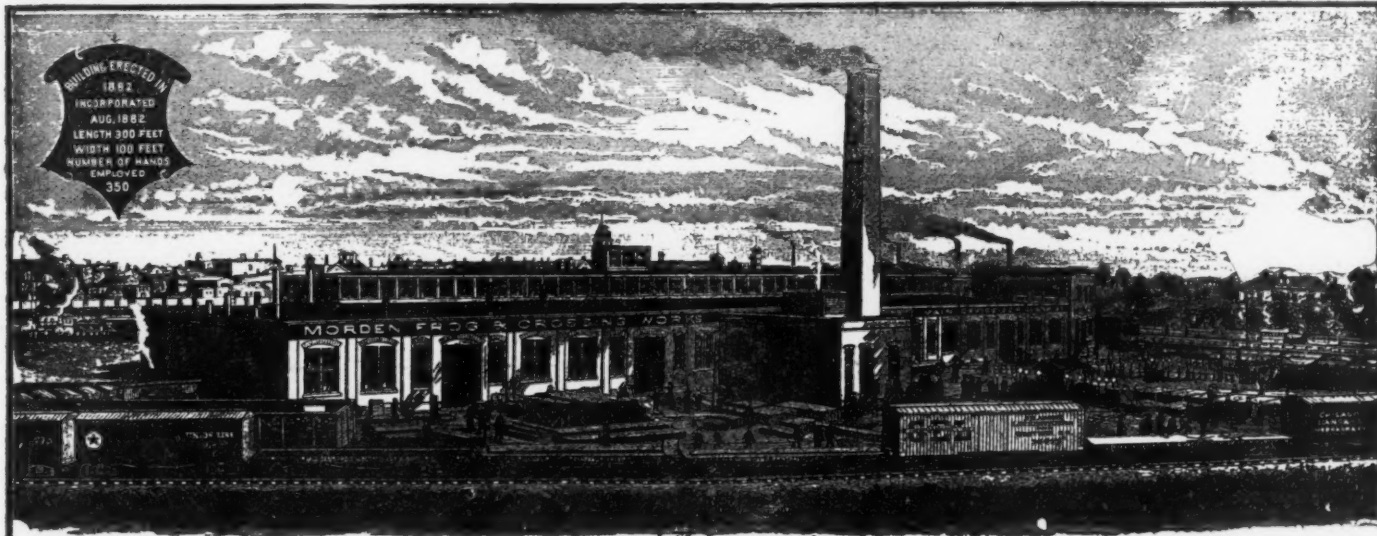
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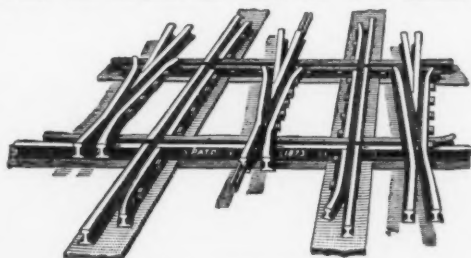
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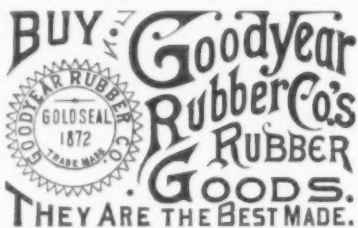
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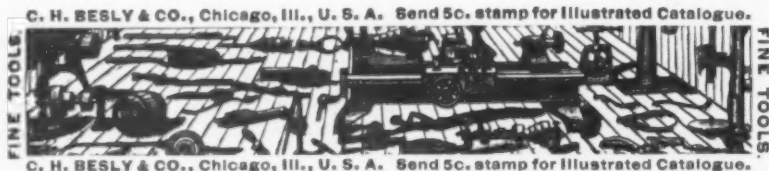
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